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## Our Outlook Tower.

MAETERLINCK'S NEWEST THEORY OF IMMORTALITY.

MR. MAURICE MAETERLINCK deserves commiseration in his researches into other-world matters. He is seemingly in earnest, his heart is right enough, he wants to know and to be able to expound the truth, he gets close to it, almost face to face with it, seems about to grasp it, and then by some strange freak of mental instability he loses it. His vision becomes overshadowed by something impalpable, and he goes off at a tangent, down the wrong road, fancies he is right, assures himself, "Yes, this is more like it," then he stumbles and falls into a bog from which he must sooner or later extricate himself—or be lost!

HIS LAST MONTH'S THEORY.

Only last month we were welcoming him as a "Saul also among the prophets," as a great writer who had at last advanced from doubt to certainty on the greatest of all human problems. He had said in an article in the *Daily Chronicle* of April 5, that "the Spiritualistic theory, which implies the intervention of the dead or of discarnate entities . . . is not as ridiculous as the profane would think." And he gave his reasons for saying so. Such good and sufficient reasons, too, that he ventured to declare "we possess in these indisputable cases, where no normal mode of communication is possible, a strange but real and serious source of information and comfort." Successful communication between the seen and the unseen, he said, was practically certain. "Rash and surprising as the statement may seem, mistakes on the whole are very rare, provided that the medium be carefully chosen." And so spake the famous Belgian author on April 5.

THIS MONTH'S THEORY.

But a month later, in the *Daily Chronicle* of May 6, his triumphant certainty has evaporated, and he is formulating an entirely new theory to explain another "indisputable case." Here is briefly his story. The other day he went to see a widow who had lost her only son in the war. He expected to witness her hopeless grief, but her eyes were tearless, and she greeted him with a kindly smile; her voice appeared to have grown younger, its tones were cheerful. The bereaved mother, observing his surprise, said:—

"Yes, I too believed that my unhappiness was irreparable, but now I know he is not dead."

"What! He is not dead? Do you mean that the news . . . ? But I thought that the body . . ."

"Yes, his body is down there; and I have even a photograph of his grave. Let me show it to you. See, that cross on the left, the fourth cross: that is where he is lying. One of his friends, who buried him, sent me this card, and gave me all the details. He did not suffer any pain. There was not even a death-struggle. And he has told me so himself. He is quite astonished that death should be so easy, so slight a thing. . . You do not understand? Yes, I see what it is: you are just as I used to be, as all the others are. I do not explain the matter to the others; what would be the use? They don't wish to understand. But you, you will understand. He is more alive than he ever was: he is free and happy. He does just as he likes. He tells me that one cannot imagine what a release death is; what a weight it removes from

you; and the joy it brings. He comes to see me when I call him. He loves especially to come in the evening, and we chat as we used to do. He has not altered; he is just as he was on the day when he went away, only younger, stronger, handsomer. We have never been happier, more united, nearer to one another. . . . We are living in happiness greater than that which was ours before the war, a happiness which nothing can ever trouble again. . . ."

Those about her pitied the poor woman (adds Mr. Maeterlinck), and, as she did not weep, as she was gay and smiling, they believed her mad."

IMMORTAL LIFE ONLY A MEMORY!

That is a beautiful story of how the sting of death was nullified, and the grief of mourning turned into the joy of re-union, in a case which Mr. Maeterlinck himself vouches for. And what, think you, is his newly-evolved explanation of the blessed fact? That Immortality is only a Memory! That this son was not really alive in spirit, as his mother supposed! That her joy of loving communication with him was only a freak of maternal fancy! That all that really survived of him was her own recollection! Oh, Mr. Maeterlinck, what an empty husk it is you offer as a comforting philosophy! And the doctrine you seek to displace, too, is so "well and truly laid!"

Do we know what it is that dies in our dead (he asks), or even if anything dies? Whatever our religious faith may be, *there is at any rate one place where they cannot die. That place is within ourselves*, and, if this unhappy (!) mother went beyond the truth, she was yet nearer to it than those despairing ones who nourish the mournful certainty that nothing survives of those whom they loved. She felt too keenly what we do not feel keenly enough. *She remembered too much*, and we do not know how to remember. Between the two errors there is room for a great truth; and, if we have to choose, hers is the error towards which we should lean. *Let us learn to acquire through reason that which a wise madness bestowed on her.*

NO MORE DEAD IF YOU REMEMBER THEM!

"A wise madness!" What a curious collocation of irreconcilable ideas! And Mr. Maeterlinck suggests that a sane world ought to emulate her madness! We are "to resuscitate those whom we regret" by calling to them, and not being afraid of them, and loving them—in the sacred though insecure recesses of our memory! If we forget them (they will die! Our living memory is all that is left of them! "They die, not at the moment when they sink into the grave, but gradually as they sink into oblivion!") "There would be no difference between the living and the dead if we but knew how to remember. There would be no more dead." So Mr. Maeterlinck's wonderful new nostrum for an immortal life is—just cultivate your memory! And your dear ones will live on there—in your own imagination! But all the time, of course, they will really be as dead as a door-nail! It is difficult to conceive how such sorry stuff should emanate from one so brilliant in literature, one who has so recently shown that he knows better. Some ecclesiastical or personal constraint may possibly account for so sudden a closing of the shutters, for so incomprehensible a sitting down in darkness, for so pitiable an eating of words—such brave and rational words—of a month ago. For ourselves we prefer for our comfort a philosophy of immortality which is abundantly substantiated by many infallible proofs, to any such theory of "wise madness," however prettily expressed.

J. L.



## The Christ Message.

By EVA HARRISON, Author of "Wireless Messages from Other Worlds," &c.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

IT is The Christ which speaks—that glorious company of the Christ spheres where Love and Harmony reign supreme, where the very vibrations of the atmosphere are music, where Life *is* Life in its fulness—the Hope and Bliss and Crown of humanity in the future.

The Christ is an aggregated State, not a single personality; therefore look not towards the outward body of the Teacher of Nazareth for the fulfilment of that promise; but look with the inner eye, listen with the inner ear, and behold and realise that it is the Christ Angels, speaking through the channel of a human medium, of that sweet state of love and peace, which if it be truly lifted up—held on high before our tear-stained, grief-stricken world to-day, will draw all men unto it. Where, oh where is the spiritual teacher in our midst to-day, who will so uplift The Christ, as to make that life seem supremely desirable, worth seeking after and worth taking up the cross to win?

How mankind has been "striving to place upon its breast distinction's worthless badge!" Is it not learning the worthlessness of so-called power and position in this present great world-struggle? Is it not beginning to realise that earth is a plane of illusion, ever changing, passing, taking fresh forms, decaying, building anew? Is not the soul of man being awakened? and is he not learning that it is for his service that matter exists? But it is equally for the service of all, and if The Christ be held up before the unsatisfied myriads of earth-treaders so that they can understand the beauty and the good of living The Christ-life—not merely sheltering behind the lie of substitution—then shall all men be truly drawn, by degrees to seek the unfoldment of their inner spiritual faculties. Each one may in time manifest The Christ-life in his own person, and The Christ-consciousness will develop in a future new humanity.

Only thus will The Christ rule and reign upon the earth. The Christ cannot reign upon our planet until the inner self of humanity is attuned to receive those high vibrations. This cannot be done while man is obsessed by false theological teaching. Jesus said: "I have given you an example that ye should follow," not, I have done all, you have only to believe. Paul had not so learned Christ. He understood the mystical Christ; he knew that the spiritual gifts must be earnestly desired, that work was necessary as well as faith, and that faith must be grounded on knowledge; else it is no faith, for without knowledge so-called faith is at best but hope.

"Self lost in service is the object of our attainment," said one of our angelic ministrants not long ago. Let us then learn to crush out all self-seeking and lose ourselves in wholly devoted service, as do The Christ Angels. Let us examine ourselves at this crucial stage of the world's transition, and face the question, Are we living Christ?—(Paul said, "For me to live is Christ")—or, Are we living Self? This is a testing time.

Many are saying that the religion of Christendom has failed, that God does not intervene, that God does not help. But *who* is worthy?

The evolvers of the universe have endowed man with Free-will, and he must choose whether he will link himself on to the God-Power, the powers of

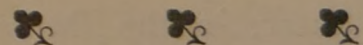
good, or join himself to the Anti-Christ. So long as self-seeking, competition, the trampling under foot of weaker brothers are our great ambition, so long will the powers of evil prevail. But let The Christ be lifted up, so that men may be drawn by love to unfold that quality in themselves, then shall the millennial day be heralded with gladness.

We cannot deny that personally and as a nation we have become selfish, arrogant, and un-Christlike. Ease, pleasure, power, piled-up wealth and so forth have been our heart's desire, more than the gentle self-effacement of The Christ. And what is our reward? Is there true happiness in it? Is it joy? Is it peace? Is it in any way worth while?

No! But let us be sure that when the inner and spiritual life of either an individual or a nation is abased at the shrine of self, then the Light of Heaven is hidden, and they are enshrouded in darkness, doubt and despair. When the *inner* or spiritual life of a people or Nation dries up, then must the *outer* crumble and decay.

Let us seek then to deserve the co-operation of the powers of good in this great struggle, and if we would save our nation, it must be by means of the spiritual life within us rising up to meet the spiritual forces waiting to manifest in the dawn of the new day.

Let The Christ then be lifted up! let the Powers of Good be triumphant! Who will serve under this banner? Recruits are needed on all planes—physical, mental and spiritual—for we wrestle not only against flesh and blood, but against spiritual powers. "Let self be lost in service," forgotten, and The Christ lifted up, that all men may be drawn upwards, to see the beauty of selflessness. And may The Christ child be again born upon the earth, in the hearts and minds and lives of a spiritually-awakened and happy people. Oh, spiritual teachers and leaders, see to it; listen to the voice of The Christ—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw ALL MEN unto Me."



### A BENEDICTION.

The heart of the rose grows crimson  
With the gleam and glow of the West;  
And the lily folds its whiteness  
On twilight's shelt'ring breast.  
In the copse the nightingale lingers  
To give the enchanted dusk  
A poem of peerless sweetness,  
'Mid the sighs of the dreaming musk.  
A streamlet, merging in ocean,  
Is wrapp'd in a close embrace,  
And softly the glad stars glitter  
As the moon unveils her face.

E. P. PRENTICE.

REMEMBER THE CHILDREN.—We draw attention to the advertisement of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union in another column. This is the Spiritualist organisation whose special purpose is to care for the spiritual nurture of the children in the Movement, and corresponds to the Sunday School Unions of other religious bodies. London Spiritualists who love children should show their sympathy for this important work by turning out in large numbers at the Public Mass Meeting to be held on Sunday evening, June 11, at 7 p.m., in the Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. *Make a note of it!*



## Unexplored Human Faculty.—VI.

By FELICIA R. SCATCHERD ("Felix Rudolph").

Practical Clairvoyance: Professor BERT REESE.

### III.—WHO IS BERT REESE?

I FOUND references to him as "*Le Juif Eternel*" in Continental Journals, and discovered from the American Press that "the wandering Jew" was a nick name conferred upon the mysterious stranger by no less a person than the great Edison himself. Some regarded him as a "Black Magician," a slipshod way of dismissing a perplexing personality, endowed with "uncanny" powers of insight and foresight. The few who knew him personally were inclined to look upon him as a kindly childlike soul, gifted with a form of genius which he understood as little as genius ever does comprehend the nature and source of its inspiration.

He told me he was an American of German origin and Jewish faith, living in New York City; that he came to Europe every year to visit his mother's grave; that his "guide" or "control" (he used both terms) was a Jewish Rabbi, who compelled him to smoke some twenty enormous cigars daily for eleven months in the year, and then insisted on total abstinence from tobacco for the twelfth month, which was spent at health resorts, taking "the cure," to free his system from the accumulated poison of eleven months' nicotine indulgence. Here, at Marienbad, Carlsbad, or Aix-les-Bains, as the case might be, he met most of the crowned heads of Europe, including our own Edward the Seventh, millionaires, and other people of note.

He stated his belief that it was often the spirit-mothers of his clients who told his guide, the Rabbi, the answers to the questions which he certainly read off as easily as with physical sight. He always passed into an abnormal condition when exercising his strange gift. His head grew hot under one's hands, and distinct pulsations were felt, as I have proved for myself, over and over again. His code of honour was curious, but he was true to that code, a fact I pointed out without quelling the indignation of some of his victims at being "done," in the sense that they themselves broke the contracts, rashly entered into, under the glamour of his wonder-working powers, and he refused to refund monies received. He was, however, always willing to carry out the contract, which he explained beforehand could only succeed if the contracting parties *trusted him fully!*

### IV.—BERT REESE AND EDISON.

Mr. Reese often spoke of Edison with great affection. He had heard Edison was ill, or was deemed to be so by his doctor, and knew he was worried. He told me he could see "inside" people and diagnose their condition, that he had never seen a more finely-balanced, healthy-brained man than Edison, and that the only way to convince the inventor of that reassuring fact was to demonstrate his capacity to see the contents of locked chests! Edison must admit that if Reese could describe the things in his safe, which he did not know himself, he might then believe in the possibility of the seer's capacity to gauge the state of the brain inside his "brain-box."

So one day Mr. Reese presented himself, unannounced, in Edison's office, saying he had

come to show him something wonderful. Edison liked his visitor, but prudently reflecting that he might be a dangerous lunatic, he summoned his assistant from another room.

Mr. Reese having explained, Edison asked his assistant to write some names on slips of paper and fold them so that they could not be read.

The visitor *did not touch the papers*. He only placed his hand on the shoulder of the assistant (who held the slips in his closed hand), and read off the names written inside the papers as if they were open before his eyes.

Edison was amazed. It must be a trick. He would discover it; so he sent the assistant away in order to be alone with his mysterious visitor. Remember Edison was in his own room. He was on his guard against any form of hypnosis, since he informs us that he kept his mind actively employed with a problem all the time. He was then still experimenting with his storage battery, and was not sure that he was on the right track, so among the questions he wrote the one uppermost in his thoughts—

"Is there anything better for a storage battery than nickel-hydroxide?"

"No," replied the seer, without touching the paper, "there is nothing better."

As a result of experimenting along the doubtful lines, the bewildered scientist found the answer to be true, and it seemed to him as if Bert Reese had been sent to solve his perplexity.

Edison's enthusiasm over his marvellous new friend set the other scientists laughing. The ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Hanna Thomson, the illustrious author of "*Brain and Personality*" was among the scoffers, and declared that Edison was the victim of a trick—such nonsense as mind-reading having been exploded long ago!

Then the aggrieved Edison wrote the following letter:—

BERT REESE.

Oct. 20, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Did you notice that Thompson in the *Times* stated that your exhibition was a trick?

He says my brain is diseased or abnormal, perhaps that's the reason I can't see through your trick, you ought to let him see if he can solve it.—EDISON.

One can easily fill in the picture—the physician's conviction that genius is but a form of disease, evidence of the terrible progress of the supposed malady in the fact of the great man's interest in "an absurd conjuring trick"—the patient's indignant appeal to the doctor to see into the matter himself, the kindly humouring of the sick man's whim!

### V.—BERT REESE AND DR. HANNA THOMSON.

A few days later, Mr. Reese called upon the famous brain specialist. Despite his seventy years Dr. Hanna Thomson was as thin and straight as a dart. Modern Psychology, New Thought, etc., he regarded as efforts to rehabilitate obsolete systems of metaphysics. His trained eyes studied the stranger's inscrutable countenance.

"Come Monday at noon. I'm busy to-day," was all he said.

At the appointed hour, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Bert Reese found Dr. Hanna Thomson in his office at 70, East Fifty-fourth Street.

"Ah, you are the gentleman from Mr. Edison,"



said the doctor. "I am quite alone, and anxious to submit myself to you as did Edison."

"Two is company," said Mr. Reese. "Let's leave the third party out."

So the friend was sent away and Dr. Thomson and Mr. Reese went into the private consulting room.

"Now," said Reese, "write your questions, any number you please, while I chat with my friend outside."

Dr. Thomson then wrote on three slips the names of three well-known medical men—

"Dr. Joseph Collins."

"Prof. Witthaus."

"Dr. R. C. Kemp."

Then his rapid pen traced these questions:—

"What is an antigen?"

"What is a culchor?"

"What is an amboceptor?"

Three of the slips were placed in three drawers.

Three were tucked into three vest pockets, one slip in each drawer, and one in each pocket.

Dr. Thomson assures us that Mr. Reese did *not touch the slips* but read the names and answered the questions within the five minutes they spent together in his private room. (I have seen him do the same thing many times.)

And the generous-souled specialist made the *amende honorable* in the following letter, the photograph of which lies upon my desk as I write.

Mr. THOS. A. EDISON.

N.Y. 70 E. 54 St.

Oct. 31, 1910.

Dear Sir,—Prof. Reese called on me by appointment this morning, and wished me to test his powers to read and answer three questions on any subject I chose, and also to read the names of three persons, to be written by me on separate pieces of paper, and then held so that he could not possibly read them himself.

I did so and am satisfied that he answered them, and read the names correctly, without the possibility of his having seen them.

How he was able to do this, I can form no idea, nor can I give any explanation. Yours sincerely,

W. HANNA THOMSON.

Forty-eight hours after, Mr. Reese could only vaguely recall the nature of the questions. He thought they had something to do with botany and biology.

"How do I answer questions? I do not know. It is a power."

"All well and good!" cries the Psychical Researcher, "Edison and Dr. Hanna Thomson are men of science! What do they know about the almost limitless possibilities of the professional conjurer?"

I admit the contention and will meet it in the next month's *Psychic Gazette*, when I hope to tell of Bert Reese's experiences with Mr. Hereward Carrington, one of the most brilliant men in the ranks of the younger Psychical Research experts, a trained conjurer, and a vice-President of the *W. T. Stead Bureau*.

## What of the Soldier?

By ELLEN E. MANN, Bournemouth.

Mrs. Mann, in sending the following article, says that "the friend in spirit-life who has given it to me through automatic writing was killed at the Battle of Mons."

THE death of the body is a natural process working through natural laws. The real Ego, the You, passes into the sphere or condition which you have made for yourself during the earth-life. However, in cases of death on the battlefield—as we can scarcely call that a natural process—much inconvenience is frequently caused to the one so translated, for, not having passed over quietly and naturally, his mind and consciousness is in a disturbed state sometimes pitiful to witness.

A soldier slain in battle is not usually aware at once of his changed condition, not knowing he has parted with his physical body. So sometimes he continues *mentally* in warlike conflict, as though he were still experiencing it in his cast-off body. He often thinks, too, that all his energies are still necessary to get the foe away from his trench. It is usually extremely difficult to overcome, the feeling that he is still suffering from the wound which gave him freedom from his earthly existence. In imagination he can feel the pain, because all mental sensation has not been taken away with the separation from the physical vehicle.

Most men die without any knowledge of what is really before them in the after-existence. Consequently, they cannot immediately know they have come to a higher state of actual being, away from all physical pain. However, when the ministering spirit arrives, and his light is seen, all fear and anguish depart, and the truth dawns upon the awakened soul that he has really passed over the river of physical death.

Various systems are employed by the guardian spirits to use in each case the kindest method of awakening the unconscious soul to his new environment. Maybe some spiritual light comes into his astral vision, and a voice is heard to say, "Fear

not, awake my brother, the agony is over, the glorious life of your spiritual resurrection has commenced." His senses then seem soothed with a blissful heavenly calm.

Great things are being done in the spirit-spheres at the present time, and such a perfect organisation has been adopted, that not one poor soul—needless to say, whatever his nationality may be—is left unaided. Crowds of missionary spirits, great in proportion to those coming over, are employed to assist our soldier sufferers.

This ghastly war was long foreseen and arranged for in the spirit-world. Different bands were chosen to minister to those who would be cast out of their physical bodies in such a great stream of death. Spirit-homes were built by the concentrated power of thought to take them away to rest, and everything designed and planned to lighten the passing out of those left in cold and loneliness on the different battlefields.

Singly and alone "the man in khaki" is ushered into the next sphere of life; therefore unless loving arms received him, the poor soul would be wandering hither and thither. On the contrary, he is the object of the utmost care, sincerest love and sympathy, so that the weeping mother and wife can rely upon their beloved ones receiving that attention his particular case is in need of. The restful condition is what is required to begin with, then the spirit-man awakens refreshed and capable of action after being soothed in blissful unconsciousness.

The only way a man can be truly happy in either world is to work for the good of humanity; nothing else will give satisfaction; so they have the chance of doing this when they come over. In this way they make atonement, work out their own spiritual evolution, reaching eventually the goal of happiness. A soldier is indeed blessed in many ways; he has done his duty, given up his life-blood for his ideal of justice, and that all counts when God makes up His jewels.



# The Value of Psychical Science.

## SCIENTISTS AND UNFAMILIAR PHENOMENA.

By G. E. OWEN.

MISS LIND-AF-HAGEBY in declaring in her lecture on the "Search for Light" to the W. T. Stead Bureau (as reported in the January *Psychic Gazette*) that psychical research represented the highest branch of scientific inquiry, expressed a noble truth, unrecognised by scientists generally. As the whole of life's phenomena are not embraced by the established branches of science, then the establishment of yet another branch to deal with a class of phenomena which occurs with unerring regularity, although hitherto unrecognised, is but a natural incident in the extension of science.

Scientists generally will readily admit the limitations and exclusiveness of physical science. Yet, notwithstanding this, they are, with few honourable exceptions, inclined to discredit and deny phenomena which are at present not recognised by science. There is an innate reluctance in human nature to admit what is unexplained or new, and it strongly asserts itself in science—a realm of inquiry where one would least expect to find it. This should surely be eliminated from trained and disciplined scientific minds as it engenders a very unscientific attitude towards matters which belong essentially to the realm of scientific inquiry.

To exclude phenomena which virtually introduce a new and unexplored realm in his nature infringes every law governing scientific procedure. It was well said by Sir William Thomson that "an eternal law of honour obliges science to look fearlessly and carefully into every problem which is properly presented to her." All phenomena imply the presence behind them of problems meriting the attention of scientific inquiry, and those of a psychical character, being of especial value to man, deserve the frank attention of science. Yet, irrespective of their importance and their unusual and oftentimes extraordinary form and character, they are for the most part deemed unworthy of serious attention.

This is especially to be deplored when we bear in mind that their scientific investigation would contribute towards conferring upon mankind one of the greatest conceivable blessings it can enjoy, namely, the scientific demonstration of a life beyond the grave. If this great end can be accomplished then surely psychical research ranks foremost in importance amongst all branches of scientific pursuit. It can be so, for the material exists in abundance, as all who have paid serious attention to psychical matters know only too well and only awaits to be made use of.

Psychical science excels in value any of the other sciences precisely because it opens up an unfamiliar realm in man's nature through the phenomena it embraces. Physical science cannot account for them; hence the necessity for psychical science. They are related to and are the outcome of man's psychical nature—that nature which is adapted for his existence in a world other than this. These phenomena through their very nature are related to the next life, for they demonstrate two things to man when in this life. First, they clearly show that the intelligence of beings not of this life is involved in their production, intelligence which proves also the presence of persons

who once lived in this world. Second, they enable us to realise that man has powers and faculties other than those belonging to his physical nature, which are now rightly regarded as belonging to his psychical nature. Science has inquired little or nothing as yet into this department of his being. Psychical science is, therefore, of inestimable value, and opens up a new region, the exploration of which results in enlarging our conception of man.

Psychical phenomena, the subject-matter of psychical science, are unfortunately not recognised by scientists, save by a few master-minds in scientific discovery. These are honoured for their influence in the sphere of learning; for their loyalty to truth, and for their heroic efforts to explore unknown regions in the geography of man. Such men as Sir Wm. Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Wm. Barrett, Dr. A. R. Wallace, Professors Wm. James, Hyslop, Sidgwick, Hogson, Zollner, Flammarion, Varley, Richet, Bozzano and Bergson, are now well known in the scientific world as men who see in psychical research work of supreme importance.

The phenomena psychical science embraces are, as Miss Lind rightly holds, of greater value to mankind than any other branch of scientific research. They are so through what they bring home to us. In them we have the evidence of the survival and continuity of personal existence after death. They prove that identity and individual consciousness are not blotted out by death. Then, just as man represents the highest achievement in organic evolution, so these phenomena represent the most important class of phenomena science can consider.

What stupendous influence would be exerted, what far-reaching benefits would be conferred upon mankind, if science could declare with the same amount of certainty and precision what happens to man when he dies, as it does with changes occurring in chemistry, in the solar bodies in astronomy, in micro-organic life in bacteriology! It can and will be achieved for "the phenomena," as William James has truly said, "are among the most constant in history, and it is most extraordinary that science should ever have become blind to them."

Think of it: A future life within the category of scientific demonstration! Life beyond death a scientific reality! The grave proved to be but a receptacle for a discarded organism after having served its purpose! What value such would have for man! What a field such would open up for scientific research and philosophic meditation! What a number of problems such would present to science for solution! What a revolution of scientific thought and outlook on life such would bring about! The whole world of science would be revolutionised by such a great accomplishment. A melting and recasting of scientific values, standards and concepts would be necessary in a mould whose form and capacity psychical phenomena would largely assist in determining. The horizon at present circumscribing physical science would through psychical science recede back and dissolve into the invisible.

The phenomena of life, the whole nature of man,



are far, very far from being embraced and exhausted by the official and established branches of science, notwithstanding the immense inroads made in the last century into the inner nature of things. And we have a wealth of phenomena which in every way justifies official recognition in accredited science.

Archdeacon Colley well indicated the attained and unattained heights of scientific knowledge thus: "Ticket, measure and weigh, catalogue and codify all that is prehensible and attainable, and give them their proper places in the scale of things known. Let spectrum analysis determine the constitution of the sun. . . . Let the phonograph that speaks like as with the spirit-voice of one long dead; or the microphone that amplifies the whisper of a gnat to the trumpet tones of command in the day of battle; . . . let the telephone reach down to earth the voices of the invisible stars and the greetings of the peopled worlds deepest set in the abyss of space to appear in to-morrow's newspapers; let physical science, let mathematical science, let chemical science widen their boundaries and push forward from hence into the beyond; but let them not, nor those disciplining them, limit the area of the possible or probable, or say this or that cannot be."

While science has weighed and measured planets and stars; while it has laboured to find that two million molecules of hydrogen in a row would occupy the twenty-fifth part of an inch, and that fifteen thousand million million million of them would weigh a grain; while it has made the amazing discovery that a wonderful system of starry constellations are packed within the curve of an atom, a world of infinitesimalities hidden in a molecule, while these things have been achieved it seems ridiculous that researches in such extensive realms as the psychical should be neglected.

Mankind has worked hard and spent much in seeking to account for its origin and that of this world in polar expeditions, in biological and geological researches, but little or nothing to discover whether there is a world beyond this—whether the conservation of individuality and personal consciousness after death is a reality or only a desire. But man's destiny outweighs in importance his origin, and that being so the time will surely arrive when our universities will have Chairs for psychical research, a branch of science which seeks to deal with the future and unrealised powers and possibilities of man.

## Mr. Wm. Jeffrey's Spirit Photographs.

### THE PROBLEM OF SPIRIT DRAPERY.

MR. WM. JEFFREY, Glasgow, most generously visited London to deliver his interesting lecture on "Spirit Photography" at the International Club, on April 13, with the kindly purpose of helping the Sustentation Fund of this paper.

Miss ESTELLE W. STEAD presided, and said that the subject of spirit-photography was of very great interest, and one which made a tangible appeal likely to affect many people who would not otherwise believe in Spiritualism. Mr. Jeffrey was doing splendid propaganda work, and during his two years' investigations had secured wonderful results in his own home, at the house of the mediums in Crewe, and at the house of Mr. Coates in Rothesay. Her father had several times asked her to go to Crewe to see whether she might get a photograph of him, and she had recently done so, and obtained one that was excellent, which would be thrown on the screen.

Mr. Jeffrey said he had been studying other phases of Spiritualism for ten years, but all his experiments in spirit photography had been made since June, 1914, when "the Crewe Circle" of mediums visited Glasgow, and when some fine spirit photographs were taken in the presence of the greatest authority in Scotland on the photographic art, and a newspaper reporter. It seemed to be essential that the two Crewe mediums, Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, should both be present at these manifestations. They touched each other's hands over the camera, without touching the camera, and one of them would squeeze the little bulb to make the exposure, and that was all. Then the photographs of relatives and friends of the sitters present would be found on the negatives when they were developed. Sometimes written messages were received on the plates. A remarkable fact was that in no case was the drapery surrounding the spirits in any photograph precisely like that on another. Parts of these materialised

draperies had been secured, and had been examined by experts in the cotton-trade, who reported that they knew of no material, manufactured on the earth plane, which agreed with its composition and texture. All the plates exposed had been provided by himself and other sitters, and the mediums had not been allowed to touch them. A critical investigator had suggested the possibility of some peculiarity in Mr. Hope's camera! but they were told to use any camera, of any size, and they found that made no difference. On one occasion a photographic expert went out to a neighbouring photographer and borrowed a camera, plates, and sufficient developer, and results were secured all the same. Mr. Jeffrey, in the course of his lecture, gave an interesting account with limelight illustrations of the classic Lydia Haigh case, which has been already fully reported in the *Psychic Gazette*, and in which he played an important part.

Miss Stead said her father had once been permitted to cut off a piece of spirit drapery at a seance, and she had gone to nearly every large drapery establishment in London to see whether it could be matched, but that was found impossible. The drapers all said they could not tell what the stuff was! She kept this for some time, but it gradually faded away. Mrs. Etta Duffus said she had a piece of spirit-drapery preserved in a glass-case, and Mr. Massey-Taylor said that "Katie King" had once permitted a part of her drapery to be cut off, and it had lasted for three weeks. It resembled nun's veiling. Miss Stead said her piece was more like coarse gossamer. Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie recalled that Mr. W. T. Stead once said that it was by spirit-photography that immortality would be proved to the world at large, and he quite agreed with that statement.



In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong.—John Ruskin.



# The Human Aura in Health and Disease.

By LEWIS FIRTH.

We are indebted to Mr. Hanson G. Hey, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Firth, for the following interesting biographical notes on our very able contributor:—

"The writer of this article was brought up in the Wesleyan faith. From his youth up he has been a great reader, and in his later teens was attracted by the literature of Natural History, from which he passed to the study of Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilisations, etc., thus early acquiring a good knowledge of general literature. For a period of about ten years he was a confirmed Atheist, and then his awakening began with a careful perusal of the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's 'Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,' the reasonableness of which touched him, the philosophic side appealing to him even more than the scientific. After reading that book, however, he began the search for a scientific basis for the belief in man's survival. Early in his investigations he was introduced to a private 'circle,' in which he sat for more than five years, and in which he obtained the proof for which he was in search, through the development of his own mediumistic faculty. Beginning with the trance condition, he passed from one phase to another until he developed his present fine faculty of inspirational speaking and writing. He is a clairvoyant, but will not give public demonstrations thereof, as he objects to the giving of phenomena of any kind to a promiscuous company. To him all mediumship is sacred, and he places great value on the purity of the organism, believing that the finer the organism is kept, by renunciation of all that which would taint, the finer the results to be obtained. In short, he believes that the purity of the life of the medium determines the quality of the mediumship. He has been always keenly interested in science, especially in biology and psychology, while he is equally at home in general philosophy. It is difficult to say whose works have produced the greatest impression on him; but the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh has been the inspiration of his life; his motto 'thoroughness' he appreciates to the full, and his fight for freedom is a cherished memory. Of late years the subject of this article, 'Auras,' has been to him an absorbing study.—H.G.H."

IN the previous article my chief object was to establish provisionally and tentatively the existence of the human aura, and to suggest physical parallels and correspondences, as helps to those who are not clairvoyant to better appreciate the evidence from which we draw our present deductions.

We are to regard the presence of a colour, or energy zone, surrounding man, as a useful and natural indicator of his bodily states. Just as a steam gauge registers the varying energy pressures within the boilers, so does the human aura register perfectly the state of the life-force circulating within the human body; and precisely as there is a tremendous waste of energy in the transformation of steam pressure into motion in the engine, so I believe an enormous leakage of life energy takes place in its transformation into bodily

functions. This fact will appear clearer to us in a subsequent article.

Nature is wonderfully prodigal, and to gain certain ends is lavish in her expenditure. Those who have seen the clouds of pollen grains in pine woods will appreciate this fact. It is phenomena of this character that help us to acquire clearer views of little understood phenomena. We must not forget that we are here examining Nature's finer forces; facts which are hidden from ordinary vision, but revealed to the psychic eye of the clairvoyant. Just as the invisible emanations from radium compounds are known by their power to cause glass and many well-known chemical substances to fluoresce, so our present knowledge of the aura, indicating to the seer the health and in-harmony of the individual, is known by the presence or absence of certain colours in the human spectrum.

It is our business to explain the cause, if any, that produces the absorption of certain colours in the auric envelope. It is a well-known fact that the colours are not constant in our auras. They change momentarily, hourly, daily, both in intensity and clarity. Bodily conditions affect mental states and *vice versa*. A restless spirit, a mind that worries over trifles, that lives in the expectation of disaster, that creates mountains out of mole-hills, and seldom sees the good qualities in its friends, producing those functional

disorders so difficult to diagnose and cure; such mental states act as absorption elements, producing "grey mists and dark clouds" around the head, closing out the beneficial rays of the spiritual sun. The whole mechanism is thrown out of order by worry, "the disease of the age." All mental states are known to me by the dark auric clouds, varying in blackness according to the intensity of the sorrow, worry, and mental disorders, and which appear always around the head of the person observed. If the colours of the aura are murky in any other portion of the body, I know immediately that they indicate a derangement of bodily states.

Again, the majority of functional disorders are the outcome of worry, sorrow, and protracted mental strain, inhibiting the circulation of the life force and permitting the accumulation of toxins, which choke the organs and discolour the aura in that particular portion of the body.

Those who are familiar with the solar spectrum will remember that green divides the red, orange,





yellow—the bodily and lower mental states—from the blue, indigo, and violet—the higher mental, moral and spiritual states of the ego. The colour green is the keystone of the human spectrum, the transformer and quickener of the life force and the key which unlocks the citadel of the human body, with its health and disease. The presence of the green in the aura always indicates to me bodily and never mental states. Whilst I have found quite a number of clairvoyants who are in complete accord with my views on the health aura, I have found many others who disagree. Several years ago, in answer to a letter of mine in *Light*, Mr. Percy Street, the well-known clairvoyant-healer, stated that “the cause of much disagreement amongst clairvoyants, respecting the interpretation of the human aura, was due to the clairvoyant confusing symbols with auras.” It is a valuable suggestion, and worthy our careful consideration. It certainly explains much of the confusion that already exists, and the subject is at present very much in the position of physics before Newton. We must be prepared to welcome light from every source until the Newton of psychology makes his appearance.

It must not be inferred that the colour green is the only one associated with the health aura. Red and brown, of varying hues, play a very important function—secondary to green in my case—in determining the physical state of the human body at any given moment. Murkiness is a *sine qua non* of the aura in illness, and long before the acute stage is reached when a breakdown occurs, the vital factors at work are discolouring the aura with their poisonous properties. The person may feel in good health, yet all the while the seeds of ill-health, seen in the aura, are undermining the noble strength of the fair temple.

Let us cite an extreme case, as in fever. The aura in such conditions may be compared to a roaring furnace, with its tongues of flame, lurid reds, dark browns, and murky greens intermingling in rapid kaleidoscopic succession. Or again, it appears not unlike a boiling cauldron with its eddies and whirlpools, and discoloured water.

The stream is so densely burdened with elemental substances, some passing over into the finer psychical body, the bulk saturating the clothing and room of the sick person. The auric mantle in fevers is so dense that the “inward light” cannot pierce, and the person is dependent for the life energies resident in the human body for present needs. As the gross elements are destroyed or eliminated, the cloud passes away, and the sun of the patient’s higher life shines again, the colours of the aura become brighter and clearer, and normal health is regained.

If this typical example appears highly imaginative, let me support it by the evidence derived from sensitive people. A sick-room, well-cleaned, ventilated, and disinfected will produce nausea and dizziness in many sensitive persons. I am not overlooking suggestion; it accounts for some of the phenomena, but not all by any means. Others entering a sick room, are drained of their energy, absorb like a sponge the foul auric emanations of the sick person, and often return home sadder, yet wiser persons. They do not see the aura, but they feel it, and suffer in many cases from its injurious effects.

Many medical men are extremely sensitive; why not? and if devoted to their work, follow the line of intuition—another name for auric reading—and correctly diagnose the condition of their patients, where orthodox methods would have spelt failure. The true healer must not only be devoted to his work, but must be a psychic. There is a splendid future for psychotherapy. A study of the human aura—the health aura—should be included in medical science. It will form the true foundation of medical science when its value becomes known, because it offers to the healer the finest key capable of unlocking the portal that leads us beyond the outer circulation of blood and lymph and nervous impulse, into the arcane region of causes, which either mar the flow of the life force, producing disease, or permit of that higher synthesis, the continuous and uninterrupted adjustment in health, of the inner to the outer relations.

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A SPIRITUALIST SECRETARY: “It is really a fine paper.”

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A SOUTH AFRICAN (CAPE PROVINCE) READER: “I do not know how many subscribers you have in this part of the world, but I personally would not miss it if you charged 10s. per copy.”

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### THE CECIL HUSK FUND.

Mrs. Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, has gratefully received the following further donations:—

Amount already acknowledged	..	..	£42	10	2
J. S. B.	..	..	..	2	6
Messrs. Ring and Cross	..	..	..	10	0
Mrs. J. Ritchie	..	..	..	1	0
Mrs. Barker	..	..	..	1	0
L. L.	..	..	..	2	6
Mr. M’Kenzie	..	..	..	1	1
Per Mrs. Fairclough Smith	..	..	..	1	10

Total to date £47 16 2

This benevolent fund is now so near £50 that we trust to see the balance made up during the coming month.



## Dr. J. M. Peebles' Ninety-fifth Birthday.

### THE "G.O.M." OF SPIRITUALISM HONOURED.

Mr. Robert Peebles Sudall, in sending us the following report, writes: "Dr. Peebles is well, and enjoying this sunny climate and peaceful country. Roses embower our cottage, 250 rose bushes, with an abundance of fruit trees. Think of it, and you in the throes—of what? Death or a new birth? True there is death on every hand, dead bodies and dead institutions; but there are birth-pains of new institutions and births into higher, grander realms for the battle heroes. We feel the psychic vibrations very strongly, even so far away. We can but hope and pray for the best. Truth is eternal, and will in the ultimate prevail. Right must triumph over wrong. Fight the good fight, on land and sea, and on paper and by waves of thought; then surely the victory will come. God is good."

THE splendid Spiritualist Temple of Los Angeles, erected through the untiring labours of its pastor, Mary C. Vlasek, was the meeting place of a large gathering of friends on March 23rd, to celebrate the ninety-fifth birthday of Dr. J. M. Peebles, the oldest member of the Sunshine Club, along with eighteen others whose birthdays occurred during the month of March.

Quickly disposing of the regular business of the Club, the President, Mrs. Vlasek, introduced the Rev. Dr. B. F. Austin, who paid a most eloquent and glowing tribute to the guest of honour, for his long and useful life, the wonderful preservation of his physical and mental vigour, and the continued inspiration his work, his writings, and his presence afforded to all who had the privilege of knowing him. Vast multitudes on earth, he said, had been blessed by "the pilgrim's" words and deeds, and a vast and innumerable throng in the spirit world were doubtless planning a more magnificent and fitting celebration on the occasion of his entrance into the higher spheres.

The Rev. Oscar Edgerly also spoke in high appreciation, and Mrs. M. E. Wallace, a gifted seer, spoke beautifully of the invisible hosts who had gathered with them to participate in the rich blessings of the day.

Following vocal solos and a recitation the birthday address of Dr. Peebles was delivered by his associate, Mr. Robert Peebles Sudall. It was received with great enthusiasm and prolonged applause. Dr. Austin characterised it as the most sublime, inspiring and eloquent production ever penned by the venerable author. Here are a few extracts:—

"About eighty years ago, when yet in my teens, sensitive, beardless and timid, I commenced public speaking. What discoveries, what social

and religious progress since! How blessed to have witnessed and participated in these many changes! And where are my old comrades, those faithful pioneer heroes that led the advance columns on the moral battlefields of reform? Gone, one by one, leaving behind the heart-royalty and soul-loyalty to truth—gone to swell the unnumbered throngs of star-crowned immortals who were faithful unto death. Seeing them now through the mists of precious old-time memories, my spirit grows strong, my nerves become steel anew, and my throbbing heart flames with a fresh enthusiasm to continue the campaign that those pioneers inaugurated with sweat drops of suffering and persecution.

Though their white feet now press the gardens of the gods, their living souls vibrate in sympathy with ours. Memories are undying, unselfish friendships are eternal, and when recounting the deeds of those grand moral heroes, my eyes moisten with tears. Wrong it may be, but often do I long to cross the clear crystal river and meet them.

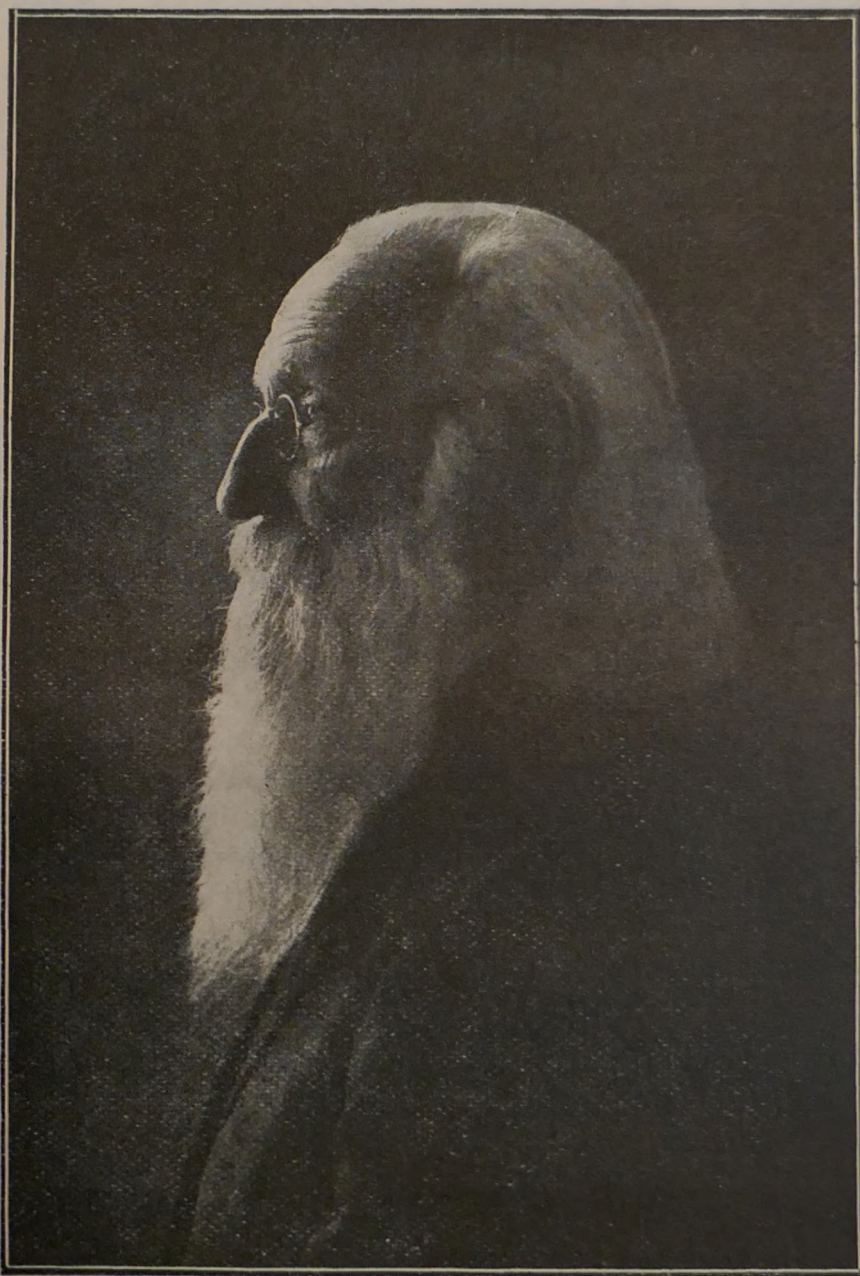
"God is good; and I am swimming just now in the ocean of God's Infinite Love. I envy no one, and I have no enemies to punish. Devoutly do I love my fellow-men, regardless of clime, colour or creed. We are all brothers, sisters, neighbours. I am at peace with the world and on the most friendly terms with God.

"All things, in ways marvellous and mystic, are overruled for good, for this is God's universe; and so I journey on, singing in my soul

—All is well, All is well! Yes, singing because struggles are strengthening, because the night is mother of the day, the winter of the spring, and this world, with all its disappointments, hidden stings and pains, a prophecy of resurrection mornings when, freed from shadows, souls will arise like flames of light heavenward to meet in holiest affection the loved ones gone before.

"A divine baptism now pervades my whole being. Country, race, confessions of faith, names, all aside now; we say unto you, whoever you are, Peace and Goodwill. Gifts of goodwill I give, and if you are across the waters or in far-distant lands, I pray fervently for your health and prosperity, and for your progress in all that is good and true and heavenly, and I send you greetings of fraternal love and fellowship.

"Spirits are our helpers. Angels are the appointed polishers of templed stones, and God



DR. J. M. PEEBLES.



over all is the Infinite Architect, whose love prompts, whose wisdom plans, and power executes. God is good. Sufferings are masked mercies. Evils are often the means to develop the best that is in us. Good and evil are the right and left hands of moral actors in life's drama. From the mud the lilies spring. Delicious are the berries that grow among the briars. Does the journey of life seem to you long and weary? Are the shadows deepening? Are the nights that come and go more dark and dreary? Are the crosses of life getting heavier and heavier? My friends, do not falter; trust and journey on; the Calvary of thorns preceded the crown. Sandalled feet bled before the Master reached the lofty altitudes of peace and spiritual rest. Press on then, brother, sister; repine not—God is good.

"Only pleasant memories do I cherish of all my old co-workers in the fields of anti-slavery,

temperance, woman's suffrage, anti-vaccination, anti-vivisection, vegetarianism, peace rather than war, the heaven-conceived phenomena that demonstrate immortality and an abiding faith in Christ, that is, the abiding Christ-spirit of love, and upon which divine force rests the world's redemption."

Following the address, Prof. Edward Whipple, a friend for some sixty years, related many pleasant reminiscences of early associations and activities in public, and of his personal admiration for Dr. Peebles as a co-worker and bosom friend.

After the rendering of an appropriate solo by Mr. Sudall, the venerable pilgrim expressed his thankfulness for all the kind words and tokens of love and esteem bestowed upon him.

Adjourning to the spacious banquet hall, some 200 guests received refreshments and a share of the monster birthday cake.

## The Key of the Golden Casket.

By MARIE RHODES.

AGES and ages ago, right at the beginning of things, when the world was young and fair, God sent a little child to wander thither.

The child looked with wonder and delight at the beauty and loveliness of his surroundings. He clapped his little hands, and played, and gambolled, and chased the beautiful golden butterflies, and was very, very happy.

Now when God sent the child hither, He placed in his hands a beautiful little golden casket glittering with gems. And the golden key that would unlock the casket He had hung upon a beautiful bright star that was sparkling and shining in the heavens.

For He knew that, as the child grew older, there would come a desire to open the casket to see what it contained; and He thought the child's attention must be attracted by the twinkling of the beautiful little star, and that he would then see the golden key that was hanging there, and so would be able to open the casket, and to obtain the Knowledge he sought.

The years went by and the child lived his careless happy life, often playing with the little casket, and looking at its sparkling gems, but never wishing to open it, until one day, when he was grown into a strong and sturdy youth, he began to wonder Who was the Maker of all this beautiful world? and why had *he* been sent hither? and for what purpose? And the thought came to him that perhaps the casket might contain the knowledge he wanted, and he wondered where he might find the key.

So he began to search, and to grope into all sorts of dark and dismal places, but nowhere could he find the key. Then he wandered out into the open, looking under the hedgerows, and peeping into the birds' nests, and sometimes, on looking into the opening bud of a beautiful flower, or into the heart of a great white lily, he fancied he had found it, but he was always disappointed.

And so he went on searching, and groping, but never thought of raising his eyes to look *up*, where he would have seen the beautiful twinkling star, beaming so brightly, upon which hung the golden key. And a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction came over him, and he was happy no more, but was always seeking, seeking for the Knowledge which eluded him.

And the years went by, and he grew up to manhood. And into his eyes had come a look of anxious yearning, as if he were always looking for *something* he could not find. And the years

still passed on, and he grew into a very, very old man. The winter snows had whitened his hair, which hung in hoary locks about his wrinkled old face. His back was bent with age, and his limbs were feeble and tottering, and still he was always seeking, seeking. And he could not now raise his head to see the beautiful, bright star, shimmering and twinkling in the heavens above, on which hung the golden key that would have opened the casket, and given to him the Knowledge he sought. And he grew more and more feeble and very, very tired. And at last he laid himself down to sleep, and to rest.

When he again opened his eyes, he looked around in wonder and amazement. He was in a New World—a world so much more lovely than the one he had left, that he wondered how he could ever have thought *that* beautiful. He sprang up eagerly, for he was no longer old, and bent, and feeble, but young, and strong, and full of life! He looked joyously around, and presently he saw, twinkling and shining at his feet, a bright little star, and upon it hung a tiny golden key, and he knew at once that was the key he had sought for so long. But he did not *now* need it, for the Knowledge he had sought had come to him, and he *knew* that the Maker's purpose in sending him into that other world was but to prepare him for this, which was so much more beautiful.

He thought with sorrow of the people he had left behind in the world, who also were for ever seeking, seeking for the golden key, which *he* did not now need. And he determined he would go back, and try to point out to them the beautiful bright star, and so help them to find the tiny key.

But when he went thither, he was surprised to find the world he had once thought so beautiful seemed dark and dreary, and was full of mists and shadows. And the people that were there were hurrying and rushing about, and did not seem to notice him, or to hear him when he spoke to them. But he saw the eager, anxious questioning in their eyes, as if they were always looking for *something* they could not find.

And so it has gone on and on through the ages; man is ever seeking, and groping, yet seldom raising his eyes, to look *up* and to see the beautiful star of Truth shining, and radiating its beams across the earth. *Why* is it that he will not reach out and grasp the precious Knowledge which God has placed clearly within his reach?



## Divine Healing.

By FRANCIS PURVIS, Tynemouth.

Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these things shall he do; because I go unto My Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My Name I will do it."—John xiv. 12-14.

I HAVE called my theme Divine Healing to distinguish it from Christian Science healing, or healing by suggestion, or magnetic healing, or healing through drugs, mineral or herbal, and without inward or outward applications of any kind—just an exercise of faith-power.

The Divine healer is one who can and does take the above-quoted words of Jesus to be true, and to mean what they say—anyone in any country, age, or at any time, who believes on Jesus as the sent of God, and who believes that God can heal or renew every organ or faculty of our whole being. And the effect of the healer's exercise of faith-power is seen not in a temporary easement of pain, but a perfect cure.

From a complete prostration by the worst kind of disease to perfect health, every organ of the body made perfectly sound and fully restored to perfect health, that is the work Divine Healing can do to-day in the twentieth century as well as in the first.

This power is given from heaven to those who are fitted to receive it and use it for God's glory and for the good of his fellow mortals. The healing is by the direct Power of the Spirit through faith. This faith is best awakened and developed by real prayer, that is accompanied by whole-hearted consecration to the King of Heaven, who has His throne set up in the spirit of the devout and devoted believer.

Such a divine healer lives his everyday life in the realised presence of God, and has the daily consciousness of God in his own Spirit. He is rooted in God; he realises that God is our life, that "in Him we live and move and have our being." And he knows what it means to "be filled with all the fulness of God."

He co-operates with God in his life for health of body and soundness of mind. And his power for good is strengthened by his intense desire and the greatness of his faith in God's willingness to impart the power needed for healing purposes.

We see how it works in the example of Peter and John at the "Beautiful" gate of the Temple, when they said to the man lame from his birth, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk," and Peter "took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God."

Do I hear some doubting Thomas saying, Do you really mean to teach that the attainments recorded of Jesus and His Apostles and Disciples in the New Testament can be reached by His followers here and now in our day? That is exactly what we do mean, and a life of conscious union and communion with the Father and His Son qualifies us for this.

I have read the reply of Emerson to the question, If Christianity was a failure? He said, "It has

never been tried." That is true. Most theologians to-day say that Divine Healing was true in the first and second centuries, but the power is not in the twentieth century. Now the natural result of such defective faith is that men do not rise above the level of their own ideals; nor do they put forth earnest effort to attain what they deem unattainable. If the gift of Divine Healing could have been bought with money it might have survived all the centuries, for there have been in every age men like Simon of Samaria who offered Peter and John money, saying, "Give me also this power." But Peter then said, "thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God can be purchased with money." Only when we love God supremely, and love our neighbour sincerely, and have great faith in the Truth taught by Jesus can we do the works that Jesus did; and "the greater works than these" that Jesus promised to all who believed on Him.

The reason so many are not being able to do these things is that they do not comply with the conditions necessary to obtain such Godlike power. How rare to find in our day persons who have gripped the law and principle of the faith-power which brings answers to prayer, and unfaillingly heals the sick. How few seem to know that faith-power is a latent function of the spiritual life, that can be developed fully by exercising the faith we know we have. Faith-power for divine healing and doubt in the heart cannot dwell together in the same being. "Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed and be cast into the sea, it shall be done," and "all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

So the heart must be right with God, and all doubt dispelled, before God can bestow such Faith-power as will warrant you to expect immediate cures by its possession. It needs to be taught even to our ministers that the inspirational capacity, or receptivity to divine influence, is inherent in all, and that the development and perfecting of this capacity are matters of individual recognition and co-operation.

How seldom you hear about the need of being "Endued with power from on high," to use the Master's expression, for doing the work of divine healing.

But there are those in possession of the faith-power that can and do move a power above and beyond ourselves. Does some one ask, Is all this fact or fiction? Can you give to the readers of the *Psychic Gazette* a single case that proves what you say to be more than a mere opinion? In answer I will give a fact where God used me as His humble agent in curing a case of consumption in the very last stages of that awful disease. In an article in *The Two Worlds* (Oct. 17, 1913), I wrote, "When residing at 8, Edith Street, Tynemouth, my sister's child, though married, was brought home to her mother to die. The dying daughter had passed through special operations at the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Both the infirmary doctors and her own doctor at Wallsend had given her up as



beyond cure, for hers was an extreme case of tubercle in the throat, lungs, and spine, the disease also eating into her hip-bones. She was brought from Wallsend, where she had her home, in an ambulance, with one in charge of her who had to give her medicine every fifteen minutes, and when she reached her mother's door, she had to be lifted out of the ambulance van on a stretcher and carried up to her mother's bedroom, where she lay helpless and utterly strengthless on the bed. Both doctor and nurse said it was a question of days, if not of hours, before her death. Her mother's home was just four doors from mine, and I was impressed to go and visit her. I told her if she would exercise faith in God, and if we joined in faith, she would be wholly restored to perfect health and strength.

"I explained to her what faith-healing meant. No medicine was needed, no inward or outward applications required; just taking God at his word, and believing that He who gave us a body could renew every organ and faculty of our whole system. She believed what I said, and we both believed and obeyed God, with the result that from that hour she began to renew her health and strength. She was soon able to do the whole work of her household, even to doing her own washing, to the astonishment of all who knew her, and who knew she had been so near to passing through the gates of death."

What follows has not yet been printed, but when I read my account of the case to the Psychical Research Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the members asked me if I had tried to get to know how the cure was effected. I may truly say that I was very desirous of knowing *how* she had been healed, so I asked her heavenly physician (in spirit) if he could explain to me the process of her healing? He said, as I was not a physician, he would not attempt to give me the details of the process in any but plain language. He said he would give me at least an outline of the process. He said, To begin with that he was divinely ordered to heal her in answer to our united and firmly believed prayers.

His first work was to clear the system of all diseased parts, then to eradicate the cause of the disease by destroying the germs of the diseased matter. Having done that, he began to build up what had been destroyed, by causing a gradual growth to develop a perfect pair of lungs, the throat and spine being strengthened and fitted for their normal work.

I have seen my niece to-day, and she told me in answer to my enquiry that she has never had the doctor for herself since she was healed in September, 1911. She has done all the work of her household and has enjoyed perfect health. I asked how long she had the doctors attending her before she was divinely healed, and she replied that for seven years they came more or less to visit her, and one after the other told her she was hopelessly incurable. She has a voice like a bell, clear and distinct, and feels what she looks like, one in the enjoyment of the best of health without pain or ailment of any kind. I trust that after reading this article on Divine Healing, with an example, more will believe in the words of Jesus.



"As an effort to provide Spiritualists and others with a sterling monthly magazine, the Editor has achieved a noteworthy success, which bids fair to become a permanent institution."—*The Two Worlds*.

## WHERE ARE OUR DEAD?

Oh! can it be our loved ones  
Simply lie  
Asleep? those dear, proud boys gone forth,  
Gone forth to die,  
Careless of death, with life just  
"Under way"—  
Deep in the grave, inanimate  
As clay,  
Waiting for some far distant  
Judgment day.

Or do they, clothed in white  
With harp in hand—  
We say it reverently—a vague  
Mysterious band,  
Praise God unceasingly  
While hearts o'erflow  
With joy? Alas, alas! would that it  
Might be so!  
But can we think it, knowing  
As we know?

Knowing that each dear, brave,  
Courageous soul,  
Was scarce attuned to such  
A lofty role.  
We may not reach the Highest  
With one bound,  
First we must learn to tread  
The lower ground;  
And still the "silent army" grows and grows,  
And tears abound.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Oh! mourning hearts, be still,  
Forget to weep,  
Your loved ones are not dead,  
Not e'en asleep;  
Beside you, as of yore, they come,  
They stand,  
And touch your hair, and lips,  
And press your hand,  
The same dear personalities:—  
No change has bann'd

Communion, soul with soul;  
God's gracious will  
Permits them yet to love us,  
Minister, and still  
The aching void, and dry  
The eyelids red.  
Listen, perchance thou'lt hear  
Their gentle tread,  
Their whispered words—"Be comforted,  
We are not dead."

ANNIE M. MARCH.



We cannot be healed until we are loosed from our sins. We may be tinkered up. The creaking door may be helped by medicine or magnetism to creak a little longer; but health we can never gain by any means, so long as the demons of envy, jealousy, uncharitableness, or even fear or dread, are allowed to linger in our minds.—*W. J. Colville*.

Thoughts of strength both build strength from within and attract it from without. Thoughts of weakness actualise weakness from within and attract it from without. Courage begets strength, fear begets weakness. And so courage begets success, fear begets failure.—*Ralph Waldo Trine*.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. The heart that goes out of itself gets large and full of joy. This is the secret of the inner life.—*Horace Mann*.



# Hunger.

By W. H. EVANS.

IT is curious how the obvious escapes our notice. Few of us pause to consider the elementary facts upon which so much depends. A famous general once said, "An army marches on its stomach." That was the recognition of an important fact. One may say with equal truth that the philosopher thinks on his stomach. And one has only to reflect upon the progress of the race, to see how it has been bound up with an economic of the most primitive kind. Hunger is a universal fact. Even worlds hunger. This planet must make good the waste caused by radiation. It is fed by accretions of cosmic dust, and we note throughout nature, the triple phenomenon of—intake, storage and output.

Hungers are various, ranging from the stomach's need for a substantial meal, to the soul's craving for spiritual light and understanding. Nature abounds in analogies, and we see the correlative action of law, and the correspondences which run through all realms. Consequently such an elementary fact as hunger cannot be ignored; because so much depends upon it, and just as bodies must be fed and nourished, so must souls. There are starved souls in fully fed bodies as there are well-fed souls in starved bodies. But we are so apt to judge by outward appearances that it rarely occurs to us to probe deeper than the surface, and we often take at its face value that which, if really understood, would be seen to be worthless. However, I am not penning an article on political economy, or social unrest. But I want to keep the fundamental fact in mind. These reflections have been prompted by noting a certain fact; which is, that all mystics exhibit a healthy appetite for spiritual food, and I purposely put it in this way to provoke thought.

Life depends upon hunger. For life takes to itself, and assimilates what it takes. It uses the universe; in fact, exploits it, and by such exploitation, initiates wondrous changes, which again implies a constant hunger to make new discoveries. We know this, because we are life. We have an immediate knowledge of life, and we are aware of how the many forms of hunger manifest in our lives.

After all, the bodily *needs* are few and soon met. It is the *wants* that bother us. These tie us down, bind us to the wheel of circumstance, and prevent the full play of life. They obstruct life, and obstruction is disease. If we rise above our bodily needs, and begin to cast about us, we soon discover how much greater, and how much more insistent, are the needs of the mind. Even so, as the body will only assimilate so much at a time, so will the mind. What is the meaning of the terms "brain fag," "feeling stale," "jaded," etc.? Are they not indicative of an infringement of the laws of bodily and mental hygiene? The brain is the *organ* of the mind. If it is clogged through dietetic errors; wearied with overwork; drained of its vitality through worry, is it any wonder that its reaction on the body causes many diseases? Let the appetite be governed: then digestion will wait upon it, and health on both.

All this may seem far from having any spiritual meaning. But think! How far does your mental health depend upon the health of your body? It is true that many exhibit brilliant minds, whose

bodies are far from strong, but the ideal is a sound mind in a sound body.

Let us then see the spiritual aspect of hunger. "Feed me with Thy Divine Self," prays the mystic. What is that but hunger of soul? Is there any hunger more noble than a hunger for righteousness, for goodness, for truth, for purity and peace? Does not the spirit yearn for these things? If it be healthy it does, and every awakened spirit seeks to satisfy the craving for these.

So that if the people's desire is toward righteousness and truth, then righteousness and truth will be found, and being found will become part of their being, and so manifesting in the outward life of the people establish the kingdom of heaven. And this hunger has always been with man. He has continually felt the urge toward something higher. The love of knowledge, the desire for goodness, to discover justice, all this we see in mankind. And even in those who are opposed to us it is manifest. No one has all the truth, and until we get truth we shall not be free. We must hunger for truth even as we hunger for bread.

"Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." How pregnant is that sentence! Are we not dependent upon God; upon the word of God? The word which proceeds, which comes forth, and is manifest. Are we not words of God? even as the whole universe is God's word? And do we not yearn and hunger to read the divine message? We seek and seek in the outer world for that which lieth within our own soul, and in the clamour of daily life forget that other message, "Be still, and know that I am God."

For there is within us a great depth of silence, and out of it comes the golden chrism which gives peace and understanding. We may stand in the outer courts and beg for bread. The hunger of our soul may be sore. But it is in the "holy of holies" that we find the "bread which perishes not," and are fed with the heavenly manna. It is in our own being, in its innermost recesses that we discover God. And out of God proceedeth the word which satisfies the hunger of the spirit, and lifts the soul out of the Slough of Despond, points it to the Shining Light, and leads it to the Wicket Gate and upon the road flanked by the "Walls of Salvation."

Thus the soul's pilgrimage begun, the hunger for righteousness, for truth, urges it on to greater effort. And the way is one to be trod alone. The world may continue to use the Muck Rake, and ignore the crown which is offered to it. But the hungry soul seeks the bread of life, and by service to its fellows loses its burden of worldly desires, and receives the Shining Raiment which indicates its purified desires, the mark of Divine Approbation and the Roll of Wisdom. And when wisdom and love take up their abode in the soul the Great Peace also dwells within, the Peace that is the dynamic of goodness, the Peace that is positive, that brings a great hunger for righteousness, the Peace that is constructive, which flows out from the soul to the world in good thoughts and loving deeds.

For the Peace of God which passes the understanding of the outer world, is not the peace of



idleness. It is the Peace of active well-doing, and of active well-being. And this means that the spirit's hunger for truth is satisfied in God. Thus does the spirit rise from the lowly to the great, and progresses from the outer court of life's temple to the innermost sanctuary, where it is fed by the Wisdom of God. Then does the light of under-

standing dawn, and in the great hunger of Life, Death is *swallowed* up in victory. And over all the world that light sheds its glory. And in the eyes of our comrades we see its mellow light shining with the Peace of God. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

## Where Was the Garden of Eden?

By WALTER FIRMINGER.

THE part of Mesopotamia in the neighbourhood of Kurnah, which is now in the possession of Great Britain, is the traditional position of the Garden of Eden according to the local inhabitants, though Sir W. Willcocks is said to have located it much higher up in the country.

References to the Garden suggest a fruitful, fertile, and well-watered district, and a warm climate, which would answer to the description of ancient Babylonia. The fertility of Babylonia was remarked upon by ancient writers. Speaking about the country, Herodotus, the Greek historian, says—

"Of all the countries that we know, there is none so fruitful in grain. . . . What I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country."

This fruitfulness was mainly due to the extensive system of irrigation existing at the time, and British engineers, who have surveyed Mesopotamia, think that if the country is irrigated and efficiently controlled it may become again as fruitful as it used to be.

While most modern people place the ancient Eden in this part of the world, there was more diversity of opinion in bygone days. A few centuries ago, in what we call the Middle Ages, the position of the earthly paradise seems to have been a necessary feature of a map of the world, and it was of course put wherever the draughtsman fancied it ought to be. The following remarks were made by a Frenchman in the seventeenth century, who had evidently studied the subject—

"Nothing could show me better how little is known about the situation of the terrestrial Paradise than the differences in the opinions of those who have occupied themselves about the question. Some have placed it in the third heaven, some in the fourth, in the heaven of the moon, in the moon itself, on a mountain near the lunar heaven, in the middle region of the air, out of the earth, upon the earth, beneath the earth, in a place that is separated and hidden from man. It has been placed under the North Pole, in Tartary, or in the place now occupied by the Caspian Sea. Others placed it in the extreme south, in the land of fire. Others in the Levant, or on the borders of the Ganges, or in the island of Ceylon, making the name India to be derived from Eden, the land where the Paradise was situated. It has been placed in China, or in an inaccessible place beyond the Black Sea; by others in America, in Africa, etc."

Personally he believed Paradise to have been situated between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Many students in the Middle Ages were quite sure that the terrestrial Paradise existed at the eastern extremity of the world. In some of their quaintly-drawn maps the Garden of Eden is depicted surrounded by a high wall.

But the most interesting theory of the subject is that which Columbus, the great explorer, expressed in a letter written to the King of Spain at the end of the fifteenth century, while on one of his voyages across the Atlantic.

"The Holy Scriptures [he said] attest that the Lord created Paradise, and placed in it the tree of life, and

made the four great rivers of the earth to pass out of it, the Ganges of India, the Tigris, the Euphrates (passing from the mountains to Mesopotamia and ending in Persia), and the Nile, which rises in Ethiopia and goes to the sea of Alexander. I cannot nor have been ever able to find in the books of the Latins or Greeks anything authentic on the site of this terrestrial Paradise, nor do I see anything more certain in the maps of the world.

"Some place it at the source of the Nile in Ethiopia, but the travellers who have passed through those countries have not found either in the mildness of the climate, or in the elevation of the sea towards heaven, anything that could lead to the presumption that Paradise was there, and that the waters of the Deluge were unable to reach it or cover it. Several pagans have written for the purpose of proving it was in the Fortunate Isles, which are the Canaries, St. Isidore, Bede, Strabo, St. Ambrosius, Scotus, and all judicious theologians affirm with one accord, that Paradise was in the East. It is from thence only that the enormous quantity of water can come, seeing that the course of the rivers is extremely long, and these waters of Paradise arrive here where I am, and form a lake. There are signs here of the neighbourhood of the terrestrial Paradise, for the site is extremely conformable to the opinion of the saints and judicious theologians. The climate is of admirable mildness.

"I believe that if I passed beneath the equinoctial line, and arrived at the highest point of which I have spoken, I should find a milder temperature and a change in the stars and waters, not that I believe that the point where the greatest height is situated is navigable, or even that there is water there, or that one could reach it, but am convinced that there is the terrestrial Paradise, for there no one can come except by the will of God."

The word Paradise was formerly used in the same sense as the Garden of Eden, referring to a terrestrial place, whereas the term is nowadays used in a spiritual sense. Nowadays, too, we do not expect to find a terrestrial Paradise or Eden still in existence. Our ancestors were encouraged in this fancy because much of the world remained unexplored and unknown to them. But if we are to find the traditional birthplace of mankind we must make due allowances for geological changes.

What if the site of Eden has been submerged? It has been suggested by some people that the island continent of Atlantis, on which lived a highly civilised race, was the scene of the birthplace of man, and by others the more ancient submerged continent of Lemuria, which once occupied the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and of which Australia may be a remnant.

On the other hand, the late General Gordon, of Khartoum, believed that the site of the original Eden was at the bottom of the Red Sea. David Livingstone, the famous traveller, thought it existed at the source of the Nile. And recently it was located in Somaliland according to the theory of Sir. H. Seton Karr, the traveller and big game hunter. It is a strange fancy, this search for the birthplace of mankind, somewhat like the search for El Dorado.

The things we love gravitate toward us, and we toward them. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."—Minnie S. Davis.



## Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris.—III.

By ARTHUR CUTHBERT.

I AM trying to give my readers some idea of Harris as he presented himself to those who became his followers, and also as he appears to those who dissented from him. His thoughts and life were so apart from those of other men's, or of ours, that his behaviour, and that of his adherents, is most difficult to understand or credit. The two previous articles serve for the initiation of this subject, dealing with the very strange features of his early life, the characters of his muse and inspirations, etc.

Twenty years afterwards we still find him further developing his peculiar scheme of world-regeneration. In 1877 he privately circulated a journal from his home in California called *The Wedding Guest*. I had some part in producing this as printer's "devil," and will give some quotations.

"There are four provinces of Truth, in which as specialties it is the function of this journal to declare and demonstrate. . . . We define them as sciences, strictly; a science of divine, and thence of arch-natural respiration; a science of bi-sexual existence and structure; and hence of counterpartal marriage; a science of society, founded in the Divine Humanity; and a science of arch-natural and hence physical immortality.

"By arch-natural respiration, we mean a process of breathing from interiors to exteriors; by means of which the respirative structure is gradually brought into diatomic or harmonic relations with the natural respirative body, and with all its organs; so that the inhalations are not only of the natural, but also of the arch-natural ether, and become a bodily medium for the transmission of the divine virtue through the frame.

"By Society founded in the Divine Humanity we mean a public or social kingdom of God in man; the conformation of life in all relations and institutions to universal order; the substitution of the power of arch-natural attraction for that of terror or violence; the concord of all equities in a kingdom of intelligence and love; the imparadisement of the people.

"By counterpartal marriage we mean, not the dwelling of two persons, opposite in sex, with each other, but their indwelling with each other—eternal mate with eternal mate. This was the state of Jesus of Nazareth in His sonship and humanity. He was the man-woman, the woman-man. Lord Jesus now appears with Lady Yessa, Saviour and Saviouress; but She who now appears with Him dwelt in Him eighteen hundred years ago. She comes forth through Him, and She passes into Him again."

Harris, speaking of himself and his followers, continues:

"Thus reformed by the Lord in His likeness, the ruler of our Society is one with its ruleress; she may appear with him by evolutionary processes through the frame, till our abode is made fragrant with the sweetness of her womanhood, and brightened with the resplendence of her glory.

Except that "Mother Lily," or a woman's voice, was frequently heard in Harris's mouth, I never saw her, nor had any testimony of her ever having made an objective demonstration of her presence in the course of twenty years' experience.

"But she dwells in him by constant presence, even as Lady Yessa in the Lord Jesus when He was the Man of Sorrows, bearing the burdens of the race. This is the resurrection state of man on earth. This counterpartal marriage extends and is declaring itself throughout our Society, and leads, under conditions of law and in the finalities of evolution, to arch-natural immortality.

"By arch-natural immortality, we mean a state in the human body, similar to that state our Lord realised in His incarnate flesh. Had He not been slain by violence, that frame would have ripened through centuries of humane service. For aught we know, His days might have been prolonged in unbroken continuity, and he might be reigning in it at this time, the enthroned King and Saviour of our orb, in all of its reconciled, revived and beatified humanity. Or, perchance, He would have ascended visibly from the capital of His universal empire, into an arch-natural heaven, opening visibly to receive

Him; inaugurating for the race, departure to the higher universe in the consummation and triumph of each earthly state, not by the disintegrating process of physical disease, but by the evolutionary process—physical transubstantiation and ascension."

Harris goes on to say he does "not claim present physical immortality for any member of our Society," but through a new respiration they are advancing into new association and unknown unity of social life; "hence into a new and unknown organic two-in-oneness of counterpartal marriage; and thus into the beginnings of quickenings and reorganisations in the frame leading from age to vital youth."

Harris claims to know the steps by which he has advanced and the status thus gained, and sees clearly that "should these laws still work to their finality, without disaster, without cessation, we are destined to possess this earth for our inheritance, as counterpartal immortal men and to reign with Christ for ever and ever."

The above is the most concise statement, by Harris, of his main ideal that I can find. The two following quotations from the same book illustrate the Twain-One Ideal more fully. Chrysanthus is the arch-natural name of Harris.

"Our Lord Jesus again manifested Himself and our Lady Yessa by His side. She took a seat and began to sew, while He reclined by Her in reposeful attitude.

"At the same time Lily came forth through Chrysanthus and reverently greeted her, saying, 'My Lady.' And the Divine One of Women responded tenderly, saying, 'How is it with you, little one?' But Lord Jesus said, 'Behold her face'."

"Lily answered blushing, 'I have not learned to conceal my feelings as mortals do. If I am glad, I am sunshine and I look sunshine. If I am beginning to be glad and have been sorrowful, then the sun shines through a mist.'"

The above shows the intimate terms subsisting between the Twain-one Personalities. Harris, speaking for himself, says elsewhere in the same book:—

"I am nothing but a shadow, a projection, a mirror. God rises in me as morning in the hollow sky. I rest in God: He projects life in me, and I waken; He gathers back the forces and I repose. My life is in His persistence. I am a fountain of life that overflows into men; and my disciples know that I flow into them with vitality."

"When Chrysanthus had thus written, Lord Jesus came forth and said, 'I have tried thee in these words, to see if My son would assume authority from Me, to speak in the personal degree to men.' . . .

"The Lord spoke saying, 'What do you represent in your sonship?' Then Chrysanthus wrote again:—

"In this epoch culminates and expires the civilisation of the natural man; and the natural man culminates and expires with his civilisation. I represent in my type the new arch-natural man. I am two-in-one, as he must be, I breathe, think, will and act from internals to externals, as he must be. I am the first of a new type, holding therefore in my character the germs of a new culture and civilisation. I first teach and then civilise.

"To this the Lord said, 'Very Good; go on.' And Chrysanthus wrote: 'The new type, as it shall be, stands prefigured in the latent faculties, that I feel struggling forth to manifestation. This race shall walk with God all their days, and, in the fulness of them they shall not taste of physical death, but shall rise or be caught up in the transfiguration of their structures, to the arch-natural Paradise.

"The woman of this race shall conceive whilst in the body of her husband, and she shall come forth in the maturity of her frame, while he re-involves within her, to bring forth her babes. They shall be conceived and brought forth in counterpartal structures, folded form in form.

"Hence there shall be in this new race, neither marrying nor giving in marriage; no seeking or choosing or changing of partners. The Lord Jesus said, 'It is enough.'"

Succeeding articles will treat of evil, of fairies, and of the "Use."



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### "Our Self After Death."\*

THE REVEREND ARTHUR CHAMBERS, Vicar of Brockenhurst, the author of a famous work on "Our Life after Death," which has run through 120 editions, and been read the world over in several tongues, has produced a new book with the above title, which is likely to have a similar success. To begin with, its price is only a shilling, and Professor John Stuart Blackie used to say no good book should cost more. Then it contains an excellent epitome of the whole doctrine of Christian Spiritualism; it is written by a devout clergyman for believers in the Christian faith; it is scholarly and makes clear many scriptural passages on death and the resurrection which are less than half understood even by preachers, and it embodies such a blessed gospel of comfort for mourners that we heartily wish it God-speed in its benign mission to the world at the present moment.

The sub-title to "Our Self After Death" is "Can we, in the Light of Christ and His Teaching, know more on this subject than is commonly expressed in Christian Belief?" Mr. Chambers' answer is emphatically in the affirmative. He examines various beliefs as to what happens to the Self after death—(1) the Materialist's notion that the Self comes to an end as the flame of a candle which has burnt itself out; (2) the Christian Materialist's belief that the obliteration of the Self at death is not final but temporary, and that its functioning will be resumed at the resurrection of the body, an idea founded on statements in the Old Testament written, he says, by "men who lived only in the twilight of knowledge and revelation"; and (3) the theory of a diminished Self, which after the death of the body "is supposed to be little and do little, except to inactively wait for a distant judgment, and give itself up to anticipations of everlasting bliss or misery." Then there is (4) the attitude of the Christian-Agnostics, a large class, who will probably not feel flattered by being so described—those good people who in times of sorrow and bereavement are kind and sympathetic, offer what consolations they can in vague religious phrases, but who really do not know what has happened to the soul or Self at death, and think that those "asleep in Jesus," will "not wake up again until, perhaps, thousands of years hence." The crude conceptions of these people are, as Mr. Chambers points out, sadly demonstrated at times of death and burial, and are typified by "the darkened house, the black clothes, the black-edged envelopes, the black-bordered handkerchiefs, the black funeral horses; and until comparatively lately, the black coffin, the black pall, and those monstrosities—the black mutes." They are also expressed in many lugubrious hymns, and in countless stupid inscriptions on tombstones.

The answer from Christ to the great inquiry—"What of our Self after Death?" is set forth under the following headings:—

1. *That our Self is not dependent for existence upon the physical organisation, and survives separation from it.*

2. *That, after death, our Self is not a bodiless entity.*

3. *That, after death, the mental powers and qualities of our spiritually-encased Self are retained, and*

4. *That, in after life, the Self, bodily, mentally, and spiritually, advances.*

The essential doctrines of the Spiritualist faith are comprised in these propositions, and we refer our readers to the book itself to see how painstakingly Mr. Chambers has demonstrated that they are all derived from the Light of Christ and His Teaching. He says in his concluding chapter:

After many years of thought and study of the Gospel records, the Light through the cloud seems to me to gleam very, very brightly. I have sought to track the rays of that Light upward to their Source. They focus themselves in the great "Light of the World," our Saviour Christ Jesus, Who abolished death and brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel" (2 Tim. i, 10). It is as we see Him, the true Son of mankind, in the wonder and mystery of Easter life and manifestation, that we can be assured that these words of the Apostle are true. Jesus has taught and demonstrated that there is no death and corruption for the Self; and it is this glorious truth which alone can illumine the most sombre of all human experiences.

Mr. Chambers' work is brightened by references to his own personal experiences of spirit-return. They have given him the golden key to mysteries which have baffled the ordinary theological commentator. We quote the following interesting cases:

Some years ago, in company with a brother clergyman, I saw a spiritual presence (at first invisible) manifest itself in all the reality of physical encasement. It was in the poorly furnished parlour of an artisan. There was no cabinet, no apparatus of trickery. There, in the light, we and four others first heard the voice of a little child (the deceased daughter of the workman in whose house we were). Slowly in the centre of the room there accumulated a vaporous, white mist, which seemed to come from us who were sitting in a semi-circle. Gradually, in the sight of all of us, the mist assumed consistency and shape; and in about ten minutes there stood in that room, a little girl of about six years of age, as real as any other child. She spoke, she moved, she went and kissed her mother who was present, she passed closely before me, she chattered in a child-like way; and then in the midst of saying something, exclaimed, "The power is going." We all watched her as the physical form melted; and when she became invisible, we still heard a little voice, "Good-bye, mother dear; I will come again, if I may."

A distinguished judge, lately passed over, told me when sitting with him in the retiring-room of the Winchester Assize Court, that he had seen, and heard the voice of, a beloved daughter who had died some time before. I asked in what form she appeared. The Justice replied, "She was exactly as she was before her illness; and dressed as I have often seen her dressed." I asked if she had spoken to him. "Yes," he answered, "I was going through notes of evidence and depositions in view of my summing-up of a case; and there she stood in my room at the judge's lodgings. She smiled at me, and said, 'Father, you are quite wrong. You think of me as dead; but I was never so much alive as I am now; though your grief hurts me terribly.' And then she vanished." "Now, Mr. Chaplain," added the Justice, "if all the parsons in Christendom were to tell me that I did not really see my girl; that it was only a subjective impression, I would tell them they are wrong. I objectively saw her; and that at a time when she was not even in my thoughts."

It is such experiences as these that make plain the Christian and Spiritualist teaching as to the certainty of our Self surviving, clothed in a new body, with all its mental powers alive, and with the hope and prospect of a glorious progression to spiritual joys yet only dimly foreshadowed on this mortal plane.

J. L.

\* "Our Self After Death," by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. London: Charles Taylor, 22, Warwick Lane, E.C.



# Sketch Proposal for an International College of Light.

By H. T. PEMBERTON, Kingstown, Ireland.

Motto over the Porch:  
ABANDON DOUBT AND FEAR  
ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.

## Objects :—

- (1) Spiritual Teaching.
- (2) Psychical Research.
- (3) Hostel for Mediums and Students.
- (4) Propaganda.
- (5) Ethical Culture.
- (6) Benevolence.
- (7) Health.

## Subjects (Major) :—

- (1) Spiritualism :
  - (a) Philosophy of.
  - (b) Science of.
  - (c) Phenomena of.

## Subjects (Minor) :—

- (2) Comparative Religions.
- (3) Philosophy.
- (4) Astronomy.
- (5) Astrology.
- (6) Metaphysics.
- (7) Mathematics.
- (8) Physiology.
- (9) Biology.

To which may be added generally the Science of a Happy Life—here and hereafter.

PEOPLE generally are prepared to admit that there is something radically wrong somewhere in the fabric of our laboriously built-up civilisation. We are shaken and confused, looking vainly for succour to those teachers and preachers who have had our spiritual education in their incompetent hands for centuries. They have moulded our plastic spirits during infancy, childhood and manhood. From the cradle to the grave they have sought to hold us in bondage, and fought with one another for the privilege of teaching us the only right and correct methods of getting to their own special and exclusive heavens. They have had every possible time, facility, and opportunity ; for no sooner have we learned to lisp than some particular "only true doctrine" has been stamped upon our infantile brain, with constant iteration. The vast army of professional religious teachers have freely had their will of us, and moulded our views of this life and the next according to their own particular brands of dogmatic theology. For two thousand years they have striven and fought—each and every one of them claiming divine authority for the education of mankind in the way it should go. Not only have they fought amongst themselves, but they have encouraged their unfortunate adherents from age to age to the spilling of oceans of blood, in the endeavour—by force—to make their opponents agree with them on certain points of doctrine or belief.

From the ethical standpoint, what has been the net result ? Surely disappointing, considering the length of time, the opportunities, and the vast numbers engaged in the enlightening process ! Consider for a moment the material progress the world has made in the same period ! To cover their comparative failure, the theologians will tell you that it is due to human nature, or what they euphemistically term original sin. But if you get down to bedrock, what they call sin is really ignorance ; that is to say, lack of the right sort of knowledge, and this implies lack of the right kind of education.

Thus it logically follows, that the religious education we have had thrust upon us all these centuries has not really enlightened us to any appreciable extent. Based largely on the fears and credulity of its followers, and the innate aspirations of humanity for more light than this plane of existence can offer, dogmatic theology has had a long run for its money. Whether it knows it or not, it is on its trial to-day ! Its followers the world over are asking inconvenient questions, which it is totally unable to answer. For instance, their astounding paradox, of an All Mighty and All Loving Father of Mankind, combined with His proprietorship of an everlasting torture chamber, is now most appropriately condemned by all intelligent and thoughtful people, notwithstanding that the churches to which they belong cling tenaciously to it still.

No religious system, or rule of conduct, founded on fear can ever conduce to the permanent spiritual advancement of the human race. The war horror that overshadows the earth to-day is the result primarily of fear, and ambition bred from fear. A bully is *par excellence* a coward, who is easily frightened. Fear is the father and mother of violence ; for those who have nothing to fear do not wantonly attack their neighbours. A spiritual system founded on fear on the one hand, and on a slavish hope of selfish rewards on the other, is a poor thing at best.

Love in its highest and purest sense knows naught of fear. These qualities are as distinct as fire and water and cannot exist together—no matter what theologians may think it their interest to preach. This one absurd dogma of an everlasting Hell, amongst dozens of others equally illogical, is sufficient to show why the churches have not succeeded in bringing Peace and Goodwill into the spirits and hearts of their followers, during all these wonderful centuries of progress in every other direction. In fact, their contradictory dogmas have actually assisted to make thoughtful people sceptical as to the very existence of their own spirits. Take the doctrine of the resurrection of the physical body. What could be more repulsive or retrograde ? In spite of the most explicit statement of St. Paul that there is an earthly body *and* a spiritual body, these dogmatists tell us that at some indefinite period we are to resume this "muddy vesture of decay," that so many of us had hoped to have said good-bye to for ever when we passed on. The garment is to be patched up in some manner for future use, but what we are to wear meantime is wrapped in mystery !

The resulting confusion and vagueness in thought is not astonishing. Here is an extract from a popular author of the day, which illustrates this :

"We are up against the Unknown like a wall," says one of the characters, by way of explanation.

"But Death is such a baffling kind of thing !" says another.

"Yes, I know," is the reply. "You cannot grasp it, or fathom it; you can only project your love into it. . . . If some of us died, and some of us didn't, it would be terrible, I grant, but we are all going on sooner or later. To my mind there's a vast deal of comfort in that."

Now this somewhat advanced writer speaks of the departed in true spiritual language, not as



having died, but "gone on"; and yet what meagre and cold comfort, what confused and indefinite generalities are offered, to meet the longing for something clearer, brighter, and more explicit.

Surely we can do better than this for the hungry inquiring spirits of our brothers and sisters. Most certainly Spiritualism can—in spite of the doubters and hair-splitters. The Light from the next plane is shining more brightly through the mists of earth than ever before in the history of mankind. Modern Spiritualism has brought in the dawn of a wonderful New Day.

We require to be taught the simplicity and naturalness of the next plane of existence—its nearness and its "reality" as compared with the shadow-land of this phenomenal stage of our journey. We require to banish dogmas based on assumptions, or on the mere edict of some gathering of ecclesiastics, no matter how eminent they may have been. We want to learn that there is no reason or occasion for speaking with bated breath of our dear ones who have "passed on," nor look upon it as "bad form" to mention them at all. We want to realise that there is undoubtedly an open door, that our friends are still their own actual selves, and want to be spoken about and thought of as living still. They are in reality more alive than we are, and are not mere vague, indefinable, mysterious and sacred "somethings," totally different and apart from the familiar personality we knew and loved.

The churches have built up a dreadful barrier, and by their misuse of the word "sacred," have kept the two worlds apart. Our College of Light will teach men better, and prove what it teaches by overwhelming and unimpeachable evidence, carefully garnered and tabulated, that will stand the most severe tests of honest criticism.

Many of the foremost scientists of the last thirty years have taken up this all-important subject, determined to disprove the evidence, but in practically every case the facts compelled them to admit that the claims made by Spiritualists, as to the following fundamental truths, were amply and clearly proved.

(1) That the Ego persists after transition, miscalled death.

(2) That individuality, memory, and consciousness persist.

(3) That here and now, under certain conditions, we can communicate with those who have "passed on," also that they can—and frequently do—prove their identity by messages and tests.

(4) That Love is the Law on that "other side," and that Love, Altruism, and Advancement are interchangeable terms there, and everywhere else in the universe.

The times are ripe for this International College of Light. Mankind has evolved beyond the cast-iron dogmatism of a past dispensation. It is now weary, dissatisfied, and incredulous; it has ceased to find salvation in any dogmas and ceremonies. Vague generalities, and urgent injunctions to have faith in this or that formula of belief, fail to act as more than temporary soporifics. Man is evolving, and on all sides there is a great and universal cry for "Light, More Light."

The True Light—the simple Divine radiance—has been there all the time, hidden by mountains of fantastic theory, heaped up by those who made it their business. It has been shining throughout the ages, waiting for the emancipation of humanity, when it might have freedom to search the wells of truth. Herein is the beauty of all true things:

no deputy is required, every man may search and prove for himself, using for this purpose the intellect and power that his Maker has given him. Every man must search for the gleam that will illumine his own spirit. The vision has always been there, but our eyes have been sealed; possibly we were not sufficiently advanced to bear the sight.

Even now, in the face of such evidence as that of Sir William Crookes, a certain school of tortuous and involved criticism is prepared to argue that individual consciousness does not persist. It is welcome to its deep and subtle theories, but we have irrefutable evidence—thousands upon thousands of well-attested cases, the cumulative weight of which cannot be denied or destroyed by mere speculation, no matter how erudite.

Our College then, based upon certain fundamental ascertained facts and elementary truths, will seek to add evidence to evidence, knowledge to knowledge, for we are as yet only in the initial stages. We shall continue to search patiently and fearlessly in the vast treasure-home of knowledge that the Great Architect is gradually opening before us. So we shall advance in the only learning that really matters—the things of the spirit. This we can do "now," for we are spirits—sparks of the divine, temporarily encased in flesh; though it has not yet been made manifest what we shall be, nor to what glory we shall come!

"There is no death,  
What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian  
Whose portal we call Death."

(To be continued.)

## "SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."

Ere the glorious sun had risen  
To rejoice the Eastern land,  
Stole a woman through the darkness,  
Myrrh and spices in her hand—  
In the rock-hewn tomb of Jesus  
Loving service she had plann'd.

Heavy-hearted, through the winding  
Garden pathways Mary sped,  
Pond'ring how to move the stone that  
Sepulchred her Holy Dead.  
Now the open tomb she reaches  
And her anxious fears are fled.

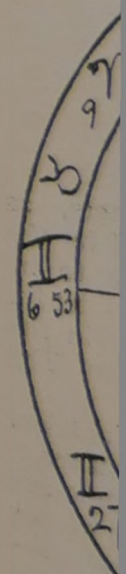
Reverently around she gazes,  
Sees the grave-clothes lie alone  
Folded in a corner. Then she  
Boldly, e'en though hope be flown,  
Hails the Gardener—Oh, the rapture  
When she hears His well-loved tone!

Jesus, who to Magdalene  
Mid the shadows dim and grey  
Didst reveal Thy risen Presence,  
Shew Thyself to us, we pray;  
When Life's path in gloom is shrouded  
Let Thy Radiance light its way!

DOROTHY EDITH WEBSTER.

The Divine Spirit, as a force and as a teacher, reveals itself to our perception in proportion as we hold it in our consciousness.—Henry Wood.

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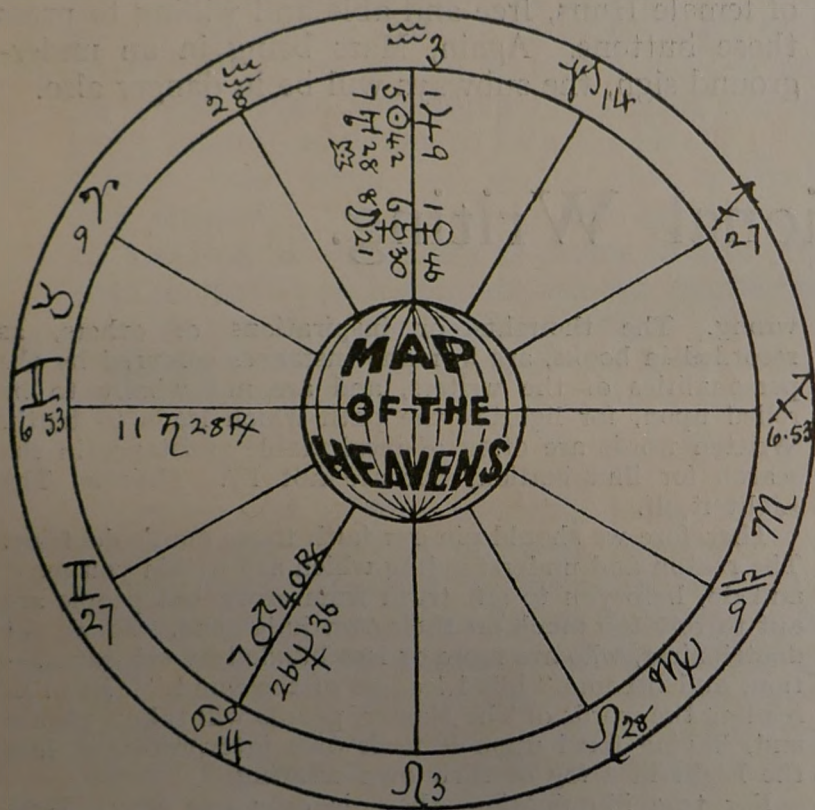
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# The Great Planetary Council of War.

By ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD.

In this remarkable figure for noon, January 26, 1914, at London, we have the satellarium of planets which indicated the coming catastrophe of Armageddon. For twenty-one years there had been no such satelliation. The Sun, Moon, Jupiter, Venus, Mercury, Uranus, and the War Comet were all in Aquarius, in close conjunction on the Midheaven at London, which corresponded to the Kaiser's 8th house, or house of death and destruction, while Mars was in his 12th, self-undoing, while the disruptive Neptune was in his 1st, in conjunction with his ascendant. At the same moment King George's map showed Saturn in conjunction with his radical Sun, and Neptune in conjunction with his progressed Sun, prefiguring victory at sea, but at terrible cost. Neptune was the culminating planet on the Kaiser's radix, and is now close to the cusp of his ascendant. Neptune, having an exceedingly high vibration, would either cause great spirituality or intense fanaticism. "Whom the gods would destroy they first drive mad." The conjunction of the planets taking place in Aquarius, the sign that rules Prussia, is significant. It is also the sign the earth passes through for 2,000 years. Saturn is in trine aspect to the satelliation.



ON January 25, 1914, I attended the Sunday morning service of the New Thought Church in the 48th Street Theatre, New York City. My friend and fellow worker, Mrs. Norton, had given the address, and had said something about planetary influences. At question-time I rose in my place at the back of the stalls, and gave this message—"Friends, I expected to hear something from the platform this morning about the very wonderful event which occurs at noon to-morrow. Mrs. Norton spoke of planetary influences, but did not tell you this, so I feel I must tell this congregation myself, for it greatly concerns you."

The entire congregation, about 800, faced round to where I was standing, and I proceeded—"There will be a close conjunction of six planets—Sun, Moon, Venus, Mercury, Uranus and Jupiter—in Aquarius to-morrow at noon. Aquarius is the sign through which the earth's equinox passes during the coming two thousand years. This conjunction of planets is the outward and visible sign of a great conference of those six planetary angels, which rule these planets, and it concerns this planet very vitally, in fact, almost entirely. Some tremendous happening may be expected, and must result from this conclave, and it is important that this congregation of leaders and

teachers of the race should know of it. I would advise as many as possible to attend the Unity Silence Service at noon to-morrow, in order to try to get in touch with the great vibrations of this mighty conjunction. Such has not occurred for twenty-one years, and its importance cannot be estimated." I had great difficulty in getting away from the crowds who desired to speak with me after the meeting.

Next morning, a friend drove me to the Unity Hall in her car. The rooms were crowded, even the halls and stairs being full of standers. When I entered, the President, Mrs. Van Marter, turned to me—"Ah, Mrs. Silverwood, we have been waiting for you. I have much pleasure in handing over this meeting to you. Will you give your beautiful message and then conduct the Silence?"

I do not think any one present at that noon hour will ever forget the tremendous vibrations of spiritual power and uplift which filled the hall with a Pentecostal power during the twenty-minute Silence, after I had given my message.

I was not at that time aware of the presence in that sign of the War Comet himself, or I could have been more definite in what I said of the coming results. This great conjunction took place in Aquarius, two of the planets transitting the place of the Sun in the radix of the Kaiser. Another notable fact is that it is the Kaiser's House of Death, while Mars in Cancer, the ruling sign of Wilhelm and Germany, was but two days out of opposition to the Moon, ruler of Cancer, and Saturn was but six degrees from the cusp of London's ascendant. Just before midnight on this most momentous day the Moon transitted the thirteenth degree of Aquarius, which rules "affairs of State in England." The ruling angel of the Moon is the same as He who rules this planet. His name is Gabriel. Again we find Uranus and Mercury transitting the place of the Kaiser's Sun exactly together.

Now Uriel, angel of Uranus, is the "Angel of clamour and terror," and the Soul-awakener to the fifth sub-race, while he is the Angel of Light, and the Truth- (Water-) Bearer to the sixth. He was that angel who blew the 7th trumpet, and loosed the devils from the nethermost pit for a season, and Mercury is the ruler of the United States and London, and is also very strong in the radix of King George. Therefore it is very significant to find them in such close conjunction. Neptune, the third planet not in the conference, was in Cancer, the sign that rules Germany, and also controls both the seas and the nations, or people. Neptune, being the god of the ocean, his place here signifies the submarine warfare, used in so dastardly a manner by the Cancerians. And also it shows how our Navy would dispose of that menace to life and liberty, for remember, that Neptune is on the cusp of the ascendant of our Sailor King, therefore does he promise that this Empire shall still "rule the seas." The presence of Saturn in the airy sign Gemini prefigured the satanic work of the Zeppelins in no uncertain way. But here again we have Mercury, the ruler of that sign, in conjunction with Venus in King George's ascendant, and it is therefore very strong in his wheel. Also it is very significant of Satan's downfall that he is now in the sign of



his detriment, and that of Germany. Now the presence of the two great benefices and the lights at this conference signifies to me that after all, speaking cosmically, this great Armageddon was but the result of that consultation of Master Surgeons who determined that the Sick Man, Europe, must be operated upon, and have the cancerous growth (Prussianism and degeneracy) removed, even by so drastic a process as this war. So shall the blood of humanity be purged of its false ideals, its selfish commercialism, its un-Christian jealousy and hatred of its brethren, and so shall devilish cruelty be held up to the contempt of all the world, and those degenerates who arrogated to themselves the only Kultur, and sold themselves to the devils of lust and inhuman murder, be purged of their evil in the fires of remorse and intense suffering on the astral planes, where they are now being hurled by the million.

So and only so could Gabriel cleanse this continent of her cancer by excision of the putrifying growth. "And there shall be signs in the Sun, and in the Moon, and in the Stars; and upon this earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth; for the Powers of Heaven shall be shaken. And then

shall they see the Son of Woman coming in a cloud with power and great glory." "Lo! I come quickly." "Even so, come Lord!"

POSTSCRIPT.—Great danger to our Royal Family and to London is due by astrological indications from the middle of June next till the first week in July. This danger has been sensed by all psychics for many moons. Even if the many prophecies of the war ending about the middle of June—(I plead guilty to being among these prophets)—come true, it will not necessarily prevent this trouble in London later in the month. If the Government loosens the interned spies nothing can prevent it, for as we surely know by this time even the declaration of peace would not prevent the Huns taking any opportunity of retaliation and revenge which presents itself. The Peace Treaty itself would be "but a scrap of paper," and if there be truth, as there certainly is a strong likelihood, in the surmise that mines have been laid in several German owned cellars, particularly close to railway stations, mines which only need the touching of an electric button to spring, then it would make no difference whether the interned Germans were released or not, as there are plenty of female Huns, free and able and willing to press those buttons. Again, Mars being in an underground sign, the subways will be in danger also.

## More Inspirational Writing.

MISS AMY M. JOHNS, Sydenham, S.E., writes: "I was extremely interested in the account of 'Mrs. Aloysia Meredith and Her Inspirational Writings' published in your issue for March. Her experience is almost identical with my own, except in minor details. About two years ago I, in a great measure, lost my sight, and a few months after that was called upon from the other side to write to dictation. Since then I have received numerous poems, prose teachings, visions, and music, all of which are quite distinct from anything I have done before. I might say, that when I have written these things, I cannot see to read them. I enclose examples of the writings received, thinking that to hear of them might be a help and encouragement to others, as they have proved a profound consolation to me.

### THE FLOOD OF TIME.

Oh! Light supreme! Oh! flood of holy splendour  
Filling all space with rays and beams sublime  
In thine eternal day of matchless beauty,  
Lose we the dimness of the suns of time.

Time, which rejoices in a moment's promise,  
Time, which brings hours and days of hope and fear,  
Time, which is ever striving for an ending,  
Time, which is ever nearing a new year.

Time fades and faints before that Light celestial,  
Yet brings its sheaves and fruits—a mellow store,  
Laying them down, a tribute in the passing  
Before His feet, Who guards the threshing floor.

Oh! glad relief! to pass from hope to knowledge!  
Oh! happy year, which brings the blessed flood,  
Sweeping us out beyond the shoals and shallows,  
Into the ocean of Life Understood.

### ILLUMINATION.

People seek illumination in various ways. Many think it lies in books, many think it lies in their own inner consciousness, and many other pious souls think it only lies between the pages of their Bible, Koran, or Holy Book. All these are in some measure right, and in some measure

wrong. The thoughts or inspirations of others, as recorded in books, are in many instances coloured by the personalities of the writers, and are not wholly to be relied upon, for lighting the path which leads to truth. Written words are often of incalculable assistance in the search for illumination, but are not IT. That is, The Light itself.

Therefore we should pin our faith to no man's doctrine. The reason and understanding which are within you may, and do, help you to sift truth from error but people are apt to rely too much on their own judgment. So we get doctrinaires, who are more or less blinded by self-satisfaction, and become "blind leaders of the blind." Even in reading the words of The Master, people will take a phrase and, having fixed upon it their own interpretation, lose the Light in a fog of their own creating.

For true illumination, there is only one way. First bring your understanding into submission to the Divine Will, and be ready to listen and to learn. Then in both reading and meditation, seek the light from the only true source of light, and do not accept anything as a hard and fast rule, simply because it appeals to you individually, unless it is in harmony with the Universe. If it gives rise to acrimonious discussion, it is not true. The Universe is of God and filled with Him, therefore all illumination must be THE TRUTH, only as it is in Him, in perfect harmony and accord. There is nothing out of tune in Light's dominion.



## EDITORIAL NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

May we suggest, without seeming ungracious to our generous correspondents and contributors, that it is well to keep letters and articles within moderate limits as to size. Letters are much more likely to be read by all if they are concise and to the point, not exceeding about 250 words. Articles, excepting in specially important cases, should not exceed 1,000 words, or one page in length. If this suggestion is accepted, the *Gazette* will be helped in its ideal of being light, bright and varied, as well as deeply instructive. It will also provide opportunities in our limited space for more contributors to express themselves on a greater variety of themes. At present we have usually to hold over much interesting matter. It is distinctly helpful too, if the MS. is penned in a clear and readable handwriting.



# The Mystical Side of Spiritualism.

By HANSON G. HEY.

ONE often hears of the phenomenal side of Spiritualism, but few seem to realise that that side is but one part of a great unity—that Spiritualism is (as everything else) a duality, that it has an outer and an inner court, an obverse and a reverse side to its shield, and it is to this mystical side I wish to address myself in this short article.

The first thing Spiritualism does for us when it possesses us—for mark, there is a difference between possessing a thing, and being possessed by it—is to awaken us to a knowledge of our duality; to impress us with the fact that we are related to all around us, in a ceaseless round of development.

That we *are* developing may be seen in the rise of the morale of the people. Thanks very largely to the tireless work of the Dumb Friends League, the treatment of domesticated animals is far more considerate to-day than it was in the days of our boyhood; but we have no need to halt there. It is just as bad to kick a hassock across the room, when something has ruffled our smug complacency, as it was to kick the poodle.

And only when we realise that everything has emanated from God in the beginning, can we see that all things are as divine as any others, that animate and inanimate are but man's terms, that we are all of God and from God.

Spiritualism shows us that the interior is not of the dust which perisheth, but claims relationship with the soul of all things in its origin and its destiny.

The eternal awareness within looks out of the lattice window of its physical casement at the passing panorama of phenomenal happenings. These are ever striving to break down the barriers which our fleshly confines set up. The trees, the flowers, the purling brook, all bespeak the presence of some great o'ershadowing power which, running through all, connects all in one grand unbroken chain of spiritual development.

Our first duty, after we have grasped the central truth of Unity, is to give over using the pronoun "I" in connection with our earthy body, to realise that we *have* bodies for temporary use, while inhabiting the realm of matter, but that we *are* spirits, now and always. I remember the poet's lines:—

"Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind."

But he is not so untutored as to make the mistake we children of Intellect so frequently make of saying, "I am tired, I am hot," etc. He says, "My body is hot, my body is tired." For well we know, if we reflect, that the self, the real "I," is not subject to changes of temperature, nor to fatigue, in any form, for these material conditions apply to the material only.

Rise to the level also of understanding that Distance is an earthly conception, which has no place in the realm of the spiritual. There is no near or far, as measured by the earthly, in the spiritual spheres; those whom you love in purity of thought, are near you each time you think of them, drawn toward you by the link of links—Affinity.

When we, in the midst of the hurry-scurry of life, pause to meditate on the fact that we are

all of us God's children spiritually, and therefore all brothers and sisters, it makes us realize the awful responsibility hanging o'er each of us, to comport ourselves toward our brother or sister as we ought.

Harsh words would less often be heard, if we had a clearer vision of the Oneness of Life. And if we only could remember more often that, "I am in Thee, and Thou art in Me," it would free us from many an estrangement, and make our moments happier as they pass.

Think of the fact that the daisy raises its beautiful head, as it feels the vibration of your footsteps on the springy turf; the bird cheerily sings as you walk through the fields; why? To try and awaken the real self within you to a recognition of the community of soul betwixt you. And do you not remember some few occasions when these things have appealed to you with redoubled force? When the welling up of the soul-force within burst all earth's confines, and went out in glad response to the call of Nature, to worship God as do the least of these His handiwork.

Those were the moments of spiritual exaltation, when we, for a moment, burst the fetters of Appearance, and revelled in the full luxuriance of Reality. If only those rare moments could be extended? Ah! if—it is well with us when we can feel that we live a spiritual life now, preparing ourselves for the higher spheres before us, when we can choose deliberately the more or less ascetic internalities of life, rather than the pretentious externalities.

When we rise to Pisgah's heights, and see the shining immortals whom we have loved, and lent awhile, beckoning us on to strive unceasingly against the allurements of the flesh; to rise, *rise*, RISE; and ever as we upward rise we find Hope calling us higher still: as the little children found, when, hand in hand, they chased the golden orb of light, the charioteer of heaven, as in a sea of trailing glory he sank in the Western sky. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise," so we, ascending the spiritual Alps, find still higher heights before us; each summit gained, doth but reveal a towering crag, unseen in the vale beneath.

And when the time arrives for casting off the physical vesture of those whom we have known and loved for years, when that which was from Nature borrowed, to make the mortal sheath of the immortal whom it clothed during its passage through the material realm, is returned to the laboratory from whence it came, and the Self shakes the dust away, wings its way a step ahead, 'tis ours to mourn, not theirs, theirs the gain, freedom not bondage, ours the loss, the *seen* presence of our friends. And as we say good-bye to the earthly form, the form which has for so long enshrined the soul which has striven for the time when all men shall be brothers, and the final triumph of the spiritual on earth, the full beauty of those lines from the Bhagavad Gita comes to us, and as we gaze with tear-dimmed eyes into the yawning tomb we feel their worth:—

"Nay, but as when one layeth  
His worn-out robes away,  
And taking new ones, sayeth,  
These will I wear to-day."



"So putteth by the spirit,  
Lightly its garb of flesh,  
And passeth to inherit,  
A residence afresh."

Our friends have only removed to a higher class in the schoolhouse of existence; have only left a worn-out, out-of-date house, to which we are attached on sentimental grounds, to enter into possession of a home which will afford them the scope to use the faculties which have been aroused by the experiences in the home below.

So, with all our faculties illumined and awakened to spiritual truths, we see, in place of the open tomb, a festooned, garlanded Gateway, through which the Spirit freed from Earth, passeth on its never-ending quest for Experience and Development.

We recall the majestic words of Hugo, "When I go down to the grave, I cannot say my work is done; my eyes will close on the twilight of mortality to open on the dawn of immortality; my day's work will begin again." That is the great truth we have to impart, that Death is

really Birth, that it ushers us into a state of action, not of rest, that there as well as here activity is the means of developing, of bringing out the iris hues, but cessation of activity chills, stagnates, and spells retrogression.

May Love's bright lamp shine ever o'er us, giving to us the Light of Lights with which to pierce the gloomy darkness of earth's narrow chamber; may the Wisdom of the Spirit fill us with its charity of Thought, and may we strive unceasingly now and henceforward to release the imprisoned Angel which dwells in us all, lifting little by little the deadweights of illusion which hold it down, so that it may lift its eyes from off the dust and behold the Divine in all by which it is environed; that when our time comes to burst "asunder the flimsy doors of Time, and begin to mount the flowery stairways of eternity," we may be speeded on our flight by the happy consciousness that we placed not a fictitious value on the fleeting things of time, but gave some heed to the lasting, the permanent, the eternal within us.

## SACRED TO THE MEMORY.

"It must make everything seem very sacred to have any so very near to us in Heaven."—MRS. CHARLES.

A change was wrought in Robert Lee  
Before his little Lucy died:  
That baby girl sat on his knee  
And she was both his joy and pride,  
And there was none so dear as she.

Once Robert liked too well his glass,  
And often staggered home at night:  
His wife and daughter—pretty lass—  
Were oft alarmed with great affright  
To see "poor father" in such pass.

But on the morrow, when the drink  
Had been outslept within his brain,  
Robert would sit and, steady, think.  
And tears would sometimes fall like rain,  
With Lucy, on his knee, in pink.

He chose to have her in that dress—  
It added to her natural grace;  
And he his child would much caress,  
Would kiss again and o'er, her face,  
Her lips, and cheeks, soft loveliness.

Then he resolved to take the pledge—  
Resolved with alcohol to close:  
He felt himself upon the edge  
Of a deep pit, and he uprose  
And drew back from that dreadful ledge.

And quite another man he grew—  
Companion, comfort to his wife,  
Who, throughout all to him was true,  
And calmed, but ne'er aroused his strife:  
Now all was happy, all was new.

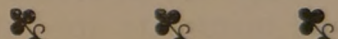
But Death came knocking at the door,  
And would not be entreated "Go!"  
And darling Lucy was no more—  
At least her body it was so:  
Then quiet all that household floor.

And sorrow full the father's heart,  
And sorrow full the mother's too;  
She went about her daily part,  
She worked as she was wont to do;  
So did her husband at the mart.

The silver "keepsake" Lucy wore,  
The satin thread, with which 'twas strung—  
These simple things, if nothing more,  
Had memories that round them clung—  
To mention all her friends forbore.

And everything now sacred seemed;  
To everything this sense was given—  
'Twas of their Lucy that they dreamed—  
Dear Lucy, gone away to Heaven:  
It was from thence that feeling streamed

H. HALLETT B.



## SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL LEAGUE OF DEFENCE.

FORMED in 1911 by Mr. James Lawrence, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, with the object of consolidating forces likely to be able to combat the misrepresentations of clergymen and others, and the unfair attitude of certain sections of the public press, this organisation continues to grow. In 1914 and again this year, advantage was taken of the presence at the Manchester Anniversary Gatherings of several members of the executive to hold a meeting on Good Friday.

Mr. Robert A. Owen, Liverpool, opened the proceedings with a stimulating address, and the hon. secretary (Mr. Lawrence) read his report, at the outset of which he thanked the editors of *Two Worlds*, *Light*, and *Psychic Gazette* for the stand taken by them in relation to prejudiced interference, and for the help given by them in general Spiritualistic matters and questions. The unfair attitude of such papers as *New Days*, *Tit-Bits*, *Faith and Reason*, *The Clarion*, *Sunday Pictorial*, *The Daily Mail*, etc. he contrasted with the ready opening of their columns by the *Liverpool Echo*, *Rochdale Observer*, *Middleton Guardian*, etc. The report was adopted. The hon. treasurer, Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of *Two Worlds*, gave his report, which showed that cash in hand amounted to £6 4s. 9½d. which before the close of the meeting was raised to £7 9s. 3½d. Mr. Morse spoke of the need of meeting intelligently all attacks made upon the Movement, and the President suggested that district leaders should send records of local cases to the secretary for filing. What should be their attitude, he queried, to those newspapers which inserted adverse criticism and statements, but refused to print replies from Spiritualists?

Mrs. Hyde, Manchester, thought they should be boycotted, an opinion Mr. Buckley (Royton) supported. Mr. Will Phillips, Manchester, thought the editors might be appealed to, while Mr. Clayton, Oldham, suggested that a deputation should be sent to them. Mr. Owen said it was useless to attempt boycotting large newspapers, but if they persisted in unfair treatment, League members, should each send a postcard of protest, and intimate that individually they would adopt all possible means of publishing the fact of their illogical attitude towards a great movement. Mr. E. Keeling, Liverpool, moved that every speaker in an affected area, should make it a personal matter, and deal with it at once. This was seconded by Mr. Morse and carried.

Meanwhile, all concerned in the welfare and purity of the Movement should communicate with the Hon. Sec., at 387, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, when anything calling for attention comes to their notice.



## Psychic Experiences in South Wales.

By HORACE LEAF.

I HAVE just completed my second tour of South Wales in connection with psychic work, and the impression formed on the previous occasion has been confirmed. There are more psychics, partially and fully developed, in this part of the Principality than anywhere else I know in the British Isles. I have met them everywhere, and have not only been entertained by accounts of their powers and experiences, but have on several occasions had them demonstrated to me.

Among the valleys of South Wales, to which my tours have been restricted, the "black diamond" is the chief production. The work is dangerous and arduous, and the surroundings above the pit are rugged and often squalid. There is a great deal to inspire, and there is also much to discourage and despond; yet it is here psychic experiences seem most prevalent.

The stories I have heard prove once more that truth is stranger than fiction. In recording a few of them I wish to assure the reader that I have received them either direct from those who personally witnessed the phenomena or from those who were related to the people who did, and that I have no doubt about their accuracy. Second sight, levitation, and materialisation are the most common events, but in one case there is the fulfilment after death of a promise. The person who told it me is an official of one of the coal-mines, a convinced Spiritualist, and a clear-witted, honest gentleman.

Some years ago, working in the same office as himself, was a young man who was noted for his peculiar ways, conspicuous among them being his apparent determination not to take anything seriously. He was always "pulling the leg" of his associates, and in time became quite an enigma to them through his levity. One evening the narrator of the incident was on his way to a Spiritualist meeting, when he met his peculiar friend and told him where he was going. "Surely you don't believe in that twaddle," said the young man. "I don't believe it," he replied, "I know it's true. I'll tell you what I'll do. If I should die before you I will do my best to come back and let you know that survival of death is a fact."

For about the first time his friend became serious and promised if possible he would do the same should he pass away first.

A few weeks later the "enigma" fell ill and sent word to his friend of the fact. A few visits to the sick man followed, no thought of the illness terminating fatally entering the mind of either. One night the narrator retired to bed and lay reading by candle light, when suddenly to his surprise he saw his friend walk into the room, look him full in the eyes, and then walk out again. Full of amazement he sprang out of bed, searched the room and looked down the passage, but could see no trace of his unexpected visitor; then divining what had happened, he looked at his watch and noticed the time, and upon inquiring next day learned that his friend died at the moment he saw him enter his bedroom. The promise had been kept.

During my visit to Mountain Ash I met several of the officials of the local Society, and spent a pleasant evening chatting over our various psychic

experiences. Some most remarkable instances were recorded by a gentleman whose daughter received telepathic messages he sent her, or had impressions concerning him, which were invariably correct. Only that day, his daughter had been confined to her bed with rheumatics, and on his way home from business he bought her two books and some oranges. Just before he arrived home she asked her mother to take away the books she had just read, as her father was bringing her "two books and some oranges," and she even mentioned how much he had paid for the fruit!

On another occasion he was about thirty miles away, and found he could not arrive home that evening according to arrangement. Engaging an apartment for the night he retired, but not feeling sleepy he decided to see whether it was possible for him to send a thought message home to his people. Lying quietly in bed, he concentrated upon his intention. Suddenly he found himself standing outside his own house; he knocked at the door; walked in; took off his overcoat, and hung it in the hall, all the time singing, as was his habit, "Some day the silver cord," etc. His wife and children being in bed, he walked upstairs, looked into his daughter's bedroom, and seeing her asleep kissed her, and then going to his own bedroom kissed his sleeping wife. Then he found himself back in his hired apartment. During the time these strange things were happening, he felt not the least aware that all was not quite as usual.

Upon arriving home next day he said nothing about his experience, as he wanted to discover whether his wife or daughter had experienced anything. Suddenly his daughter said: "Did you dream of me last night, father?" He said he did not, and asked the reason for the question. "I could have sworn you came home last night," she replied. "I heard you hang your coat up in the hall, and you were singing 'Some day the silver cord,' just like this," and she gave him a good imitation of how he thought he had sung the night before. "Then you came upstairs," she continued, "and kissed me good-night, before you went to your own room."

"You must have been dreaming," he said.

"I suppose I must have been," she said with a puzzled air. "But I could swear I wasn't," she said vehemently, "it was so real."

The following instance of second sight is only one of several I heard recently in Wales. It was recorded by a gentleman who possesses physical mediumship that manifests spontaneously. Mysterious knockings have occurred for years in his mother's house, although it is only comparatively recently he realises their real origin. His mother, who appears to have second sight in a considerable degree, "lays out" corpses for the neighbours. For many years, just previous to a request for her services, a certain kind of knock is always heard, sometimes accompanied with the sound of drawers being pulled in and out in one of the bedrooms upstairs. So familiar is the strange knock, and so invariable the result, that the old lady begins at once to prepare her things for the coming summons.

A few years ago, when on business with an undertaker, she descried some fifty yards away, outside a certain house, a hearse and four carriages and a great concourse of people watching in deep



sympathy the proceedings. She drew her companion's attention to it, but as he could see nothing he thought the lady was joking. So convinced was she of the reality of her vision that she began making a detour so as to pass round the crowd, whilst the undertaker, wondering what had befallen her to act so strangely, continued straight on. But near to the house where the supposed funeral was taking place, he found he was unable to proceed further, and called out to

the lady, "Well, if you can see the crowd, I can feel it," and he was obliged to follow her roundabout course. Shortly afterwards a young man living in that house was accidentally killed in a mine, and was buried exactly seven days after the remarkable vision. The funeral proceeded from the house with a hearse and four carriages, and the neighbours turned out in large numbers, to sympathise according to custom on such occasions.

## The Problem of the Soul.

Letter to the Editor.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "More Light," in your April issue has apparently dismissed all the authorities cited by me in support of my definition of the soul, as being the ego, as of no consequence. Among the authorities quoted were the world-renowned names of A. J. Davis, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Harrison D. Barrett, Lyman C. Howe, etc.

He seems to pin his faith to Dr. J. M. Peebles, the "G.O.M." of Modern Spiritualism. While admiring the venerable Doctor for his splendid trenchant work against the shams and hypocrisies of priestcraft, both ancient and modern, I do not believe we are called upon to accept his opinions for truth where such are not warranted by facts. In fact my venerable friend would be the first to object to such a thing, as being the negation of further research in the study of the spiritual philosophy.

"More Light" quotes (from Dr. Peebles' book "The Spirit's Pathway") Philo Judæus speaking of God having "breathed the spirit into man," as if it were conclusive evidence that spirit is the ego. Evidently he fails to realise the fact that the very act of *breathing* stamps Philo Judæus's conception of God as anthropomorphic, and so having lungs, &c. This is too archaic for modern acceptance. Pope's definition is far superior to this, as given in his immortal couplet:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the Soul."

"More Light" also quotes from the Bible which, while being a valuable storehouse of what the ancients thought concerning man's immortal nature, is not to be accepted as modern authority, as its expressions are very diverse. Cruden says, concerning the Biblical meaning of the term "soul," "this word in scripture, especially in the style of the Hebrews, is very *equivocal*," and cites passages to show its use for five different meanings. He also cites passages to show that the term "spirit" has nineteen different meanings. Of what value is the following Biblical declaration, to the spiritual student, which places man on a level with beasts: "For that which befalleth the sons of man befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other, yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity."—Eccl. iii. 19.

I am of the opinion that no good results are to be obtained by students of the spiritual philosophy from wandering in the quagmires of theological speculation as to the nature of soul and spirit. Theologians have not had our facts to guide them in arriving at a conclusion, and so the terms soul, spirit, mind, etc., are equally applicable, according to their estimation, to describe man's immortal nature. The late A. W. Momerie, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., candidly admits in his treatise on "The Nature of the Soul," "I always use the terms *mind, soul, spirit, self, ego, personality, individuality* as synonymous."

If we search our lexicons we may be able to trace the changes wrought in the spelling of the terms "soul" and "spirit" by the mutations of time, such as *saul, saule, soule, sowle*, and Anglo-Saxon *sawel, sæwal, sæwl, sæwl, sæwle*; cognate with Dutch *ziel*; Icelandic *sála, sál*; Danish *seæl*; Swedish, *sjal*; Gothic *saiwala*; German, *seele*.

Philosophically, "The Scholastics, following Aristotle, by 'soul' meant the primary principle of life, and held that the plant was endowed with a vegetable soul, that brutes and man had in addition a sensitive soul, while man alone had a rational and immortal soul. They based their proof on the immortality of the distinctive human soul on the power of the mind to form abstract ideas."

Similarly, if we turn to the term "spirit," we find the following changes: "*Spirite, spiryt and spyryt*. Old French, *esprit* from Latin *spiritum*, accus. of *spiritus*=breath, *spirit* from *spiro*=to breathe; Spanish, *espíritu*; Portuguese, *espírito*; Italian, *spirito*. DEFINITION (1)

Breath; the breath of life; hence life itself, vital power, vitality. (2) A breath of air; air, wind. (3) Immortal intelligence, conceived of apart from any physical organisation or material embodiment. (4) The intellectual, immaterial, and immortal part of man; the soul, as distinguished from the body. (5) A disembodied soul; the soul after it has left the body."

Thus we see by consulting the best modern authorities concerning these terms "soul" and "spirit" that we are unable to find in them a solution to the "Problem of the Soul," and that the late A. W. Momerie was justified in using these terms, along with those of mind, self, ego, personality, and individuality as being synonymous.

Is "More Light" justified in treating the testimony of our modern authors, exponents, clairvoyants, spirit testimony as being less helpful to the spiritual student than modern theologians and ancient writers? I prefer those who are in touch with the bright denizens of the spirit world, I am myself a weekly recipient of their teachings, and so can speak from experience. But for the present I beg to quote from the testimony of spirit John Pierpont, through the lips of Mrs. Mary T. Longley, whom I am sorry to see "More Light" brushes on one side as being of no value to the spiritual student.

Owing to lack of space I can only quote very briefly from Mrs. Longley's book of spirit communications entitled "The Spirit World," page 115:

"Numerous definitions have been given of the word 'soul' by different schools of thought and various teachers in our own ranks of the spiritual philosophy, and the interpretation we shall give may differ somewhat from that with which you have become familiar, because many of our public teachers, and perhaps many of those who are unseen by mortal eye but who inspire those teachers from time to time, have interpreted the word soul to mean the human entity as it is under the conditions and processes of developed intelligence, activity and consciousness. Personally, we do not accept this definition, and will explain why.

"What these teachers claim to be the soul, in the development and perfection of the principles of life as manifested through intelligence, consciousness and activity, we personally claim to be a spiritual entity; and the soul we interpret as something independent in a measure, yet entirely and always permeating, infiltrating and animating this body, or the form of spirit-life. To our mind, soul is the essential principle, the essence of all life that animates this aggregation of elements, forces and activities which you call the human being.

"As we have learned in our studies upon the spirit side of life, and now understand it, the soul may be likened to a Flame of Light, brilliant and beautiful in appearance, if you could behold it, potential in its power, and that principle which, coming in contact with the universe of activity, gathers to itself the elements, forces, particles and atoms which are necessary for the building up of form. The Soul-Flame attracts to itself these magnetic forces and elements, and is the electrifying force which permeates all life. This is our conclusion, after giving close study to the subject for many years."

In conclusion I would again beg to draw "More Light's" attention to the fact that we as a spiritual cult derive our title from the fact that we hold communion with the denizens of a spirit world as distinguished from the material. It is not from the nature of the ego or soul we derive our title, for the ego is the same, whether living on the material or spiritual plane. This being so, the reasonable definition of man, from the Spiritualist's point of view, is body, spirit and soul. Thus the solution to the "Problem of the Soul" is that the Soul is the Ego, the divine spark or flame from God, the source of all human life.—I am, etc.,

ALFRED KITSON,

Gen. Secy. to the B.S.L.U.



## The Wonders of the Woods.

MR. TOM CHARMAN, of No Man's Land, Hampshire, with a view to showing his practical interest in the *Psychic Gazette*, gave an exhibition of "Wonders of Nature collected during his Three Years' Wanderings in the New Forest," in the International Club, 22a, Regent Street, London, on April 11. Great interest was evinced in the collection which included curious pieces of tree and bush, which resemble fishes, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, snails, dragon-flies, birds, prehistoric animals, and humorous grotesques. These were all found in the natural state, and were slightly worked up by a touch of carving or colouring to give them artistic finish and beauty. A celebrated traveller who purchased some specimens said he had seen nothing like them excepting among the works of the ancient Japanese. Mr. Charman is a mystic with remarkable psychic gifts, and in his solitary wanderings was conscious of the help and companionship of other-world spirits, who had in their time lived close to nature. He has clairvoyantly seen the forms of these men of old races and has produced some wonderful drawings of their weird and striking physiognomies. He also claims to have had the companionship of real fairies, whom he has seen dancing around him when he lay down to rest in the innermost recesses of the woods. His story is like a romance of other times, but it is supported by Mr. Charman's personality being utterly unlike that of a visionary misled by vain imaginings. He has seen much of the old and new worlds, and is quite as shrewd concerning men and things as hard business men claim to be—but often are not.

The exhibition was formally opened by Mr. James MacBeth Bain, who said it was a great satisfaction to have been instrumental in bringing his dear brother to London on this occasion, for he had known him at least seven years, and some of the most wonderfully interesting experiences he had had with any human soul had been with him. His work as a black-and-white artist seemed to reproduce very ancient Chinese art, and in some there was a marvellous fertility of genius. The collection of curious things spread around them on the tables also spoke *con amore* to him. In his own simple way, from his boyhood upwards, there was nothing that delighted him more in the sweet virgin woods of the Highlands of Scotland than to find these curious knots and branches representing creatures and all manner of grotesque formations, and he had the idea then that they were not mere chance freaks of the forces of Nature, but that there was probably something in the very soul of the elements that was outworking, manifesting itself, in these curious formations. These he observed not only in wood—and especially in the oak and the hazel—but also in stones, of which he made quite a collection. One of these, which was very heavy, he carried home for miles over the moors. There could be no doubt that the hand of the *demi-urge* had been working in these grotesque and often humorous forms. They certainly interested any soul that was still near to Nature. The satisfaction of the curious in the human soul was a very wholesome one, and it was as natural to love to dwell on the curious as it was to admire the normally beautiful. These things had brought freshness from the well of dear old Mother Nature to the profoundly mystical and highly artistic nature of his dear brother. Tom

Charman had been directed by the spirit to find these things and to climb to the tops of the highest trees to secure them. There was nothing he (the speaker) could do for this man that would be enough for him to do; such was his esteem for him and for his powers in art.

Mr. Charman said he had spent three years in the silence amongst the woods. Some people would think that absurd, but he knew it was not. In their civilised life they were all doing something they ought not to do; it seemed to him they were simply killing themselves in many ways which were not guided by the All Wisdom. The collection of things before them had cost him at times great manual labour, and he wondered where the energy required had come from. They were polished by hand until his skin had become like leather, and while he was at his work hours would pass as minutes, his existence being at the height of pleasure, and all sense of bodily requirements being in abeyance. There were only few people who had recognised that there was value in what he was doing, and he did not know whether his collection would ever appeal to any popular taste; but he felt he was doing a right work in which he was being guided, and appreciation from outside did not matter.

### SHORT ITEMS.

Mr. LEWIS FIRTH will write in June *Gazette* on "The Human Aura as a Guide to Character."

The *Two Worlds* of May 5 gives a full report of the 68th Anniversary Celebrations of Modern Spiritualism at Manchester.

We regret that a number of book reviews and reports of interesting lectures have had to be held over till June on account of pressure on our space.

The *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, has issued its Third Consolation Number, in which the editor gives some pages of his own remarkable personal experiences.

"TWENTY SAILORS IN THE NORTH SEA" have sent 20s. to the *Two Worlds* Motor Ambulance Fund. All who would like to follow their excellent example should remit their donations to the editor, Mr. J. J. Morse, 18 Corporation Street, Manchester.

REAL FAIRIES.—We have recently conversed with a number of psychic friends who believe in the reality of fairies, and who claim to have seen them disporting in the woods and elsewhere. We shall print some of their fascinating stories of them in the June number, and will be pleased to hear from others who have any testimony to give on the subject.

The W. T. STEAD BUREAU "Wednesday Afternoons" are attracting large and interested audiences, and any one who has not yet come in touch with clairvoyant demonstrations by sensitives who can see, describe, and give messages from "the so-called dead" cannot do better than come to the Smith Memorial Hall on a Wednesday afternoon (see advertisement on page 2 of cover). Before the series of meetings closes in the end of June there will be an opportunity of seeing and hearing seven of the best mediums in London. The "Saturday Afternoons," in connection with the *Psychic Gazette*, are equally interesting.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY AT CREWE.—Mr. James A. Booth, Manchester, accompanied by Mrs. Booth, visited the Crewe Circle on March 25, with a view to getting "psychic extras" under test conditions. Four plates were exposed and on two of them extras appeared, faces whose identity have, however, not been recognised. Mr. Booth used "Imperial" quarter-plates he purchased in Manchester, and writes—"I may say in all fairness to Mr. Hope (the medium) that he insisted on my handling the plates throughout, and he never touched them himself until they were developed and fixed." As such experiences and testimonies have steadily accumulated year by year, the genuineness of the phenomena and the honesty of the Crewe Circle have been firmly established, and the doubts and disparagements expressed in unmeasured terms by a naval critic at an earlier stage have apparently been silenced.



# The Twelve Tribes of the Zodiac.

## VIII.—SCORPIO THE SCORPION. By LEO FRENCH.

FROM October 23rd to November 21st, the strong spirit of Scorpio holds zodiacal sway.

Great are the astrological mysteries hidden within the coils of the Serpent-swirl of generation and re-generation. Fixed in quality, watery in element, Martian in character, though the negative presentation of "the red planet," Scorpio contains some of the most forceful vibrations and paradoxical conditions known to astrologers. For instance, although one of the strongest, Scorpio has a dual aspect. Duality is usually connected with a certain weakness consequent upon division of energy through diffusion of force in *two* vibratory streams; yet weakness is conspicuous by its absence from Scorpio natives. Strength to achieve, to overcome, force in resistance, one or all of these characteristics distinguishes the Scorpio species, according to their stage of evolution.

With courage, resistance and persistence, "a trinity of might," Scorpio's zodiacal throne is that of "The Great Experimentor." Experience is the harvest of research, and Scorpio is the ideal sower and reaper in the fields of human experience. The lower vibrations of this sign are connected with the generative functions on their purely material side—the serpent of generation whose coils are embedded in the slime of matter. The octave of Scorpio finds realization and harmonic resolution in the spiral note of regeneration, expressed with poetic insight in the simple baptismal description of the primeval water-mystery—"A death unto sin, a new birth unto righteousness." In this sentence he who runs with occult rhythmic pace-progression may read the history of the orderly ascent of all Children of Water; from primeval "wallowing in slime" to apocalyptic realization of Him "Whose voice was as the sound of many waters," who has triumphed over the floods of death, and by virtue of victory won the right to drink of the water of life, "given freely" to "him that overcometh."

Nevertheless, no way is harder, more beset with trials and ordeals than the watery spiral of Scorpio. For it is the path of power, the rod of the magician, which is first a rod that *stings*, finally "a staff of comfort." Herein lies a great mystery. The serpent of Sex is the serpent of power; but first the physical-generative passions must be surmounted, *i.e.*, man must become the master of reproductive power, not its slave. The steps on this path are a history in themselves; suffice it to say, here and now, that the symbolism of Scorpio is written in that universal language which is known to all students of the spiritual ascent of man, from pain to power, from the groaning and travailing of the creature in bondage to generation, up to that New Song which is the divine right of every inheritor of "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

It is impossible, in a brief sketch of the present scope, to go into the depths or ascend to the heights of Scorpio evolution, with any adequacy, hints alone may be given; hints which may possibly mean more to some Scorpio native (*i.e.*, those born between October 23rd and November 21st) whose eye shall glance over this page, than to others. It is the primeval aeonic rite of *production* and *reproduction*, the sacrifice of manifestation, the limitation of The One Being into the *Becoming* of the many. Let no one belittle the awful sacredness

of the Sex Symbol. If the true glory of the matter-side alone of reproduction were realized, there would be an end to its degradation and profanation as the subject of obscene jests on one hand, and belittlement by thin-blooded Philistines on the other. Reproduction is a holy thing. Children born of passionate lovers, rather than of anæmic indifference, or legalised lust, are a most priceless gift to the country of their birth. To the Son of Scorpio is bequeathed the power to exalt and uphold the sacredness of sex, the wordless might of marriage whole and complete on every plane, body, soul, mind and spirit. These are the marriages that are made in heaven, in the temple of Urania, where Aphrodite herself is but a server, not high-priestess, wherein spiritual love lights the flame on the altar reproduced in the homely hearth-fire, round which gather husband, wife, married lovers, and children the *mutual* fruit of their love.

None knew better than Scorpio's children what linked graces of mutual devotion and self-control intertwine their forms and flowers, composing the perfect Caryatides at the doorway of the shrine of that marriage of true minds whereto impediment is synonymous with impossibility. This is "the whole duty" of the Scorpio native, man or woman—to exalt the sacredness of Sex; to purify body, soul, and spirit, that they, as custodians of life-force on the physical plane, may bequeath to their descendants the priceless possession of that vigour and elasticity of body and mind, that *soundness* on every plane, which proclaims its inheritor one who is an example of the only true "eugenics," *i.e.*, a child born from two lovers who were worthy of their trust, the child of "a love wherein continence and pure passion are children of one mother."

### THE LAW AND MEDIUMS.

30, Glen Terrace, Clover Hill,  
Halifax, May 6, 1916.

Dear Sir,—On behalf of the Executive Committee of the Spiritualists' National Union we send you the following letter asking you to be so good as to give it a place in the columns of your journal, *re* the position of mediums in the eyes of the law, as brought into prominence by the recent prosecutions in Manchester.

After mature and lengthy discussion we have come to the conclusion that the proper course to take is to agitate for the amendment of the law as expressed in the "Witchcraft" and "Vagrancy" Acts.

That the present law makes the exercise of psychic faculty an illegal offence there can be no doubt, and to appeal against magisterial decisions in the present state of the law is futile; while, on the other hand, the complete *repeal* of the offensive enactments would only open the way to the charlatan.

We are convinced that the best way to deal with the question is to agitate for such amendment of the present law as would afford a fair field for the honest and legitimate exercise of psychic faculty, both for scientific investigation and devotional purposes.

The exact terms of such amendment or amendments is a matter upon which we are taking legal opinion, and we shall at the earliest possible moment lay before Societies our opinion upon the best course to be followed.

To carry this matter through will need enthusiasm and cash, but we have confidence that the Societies and individual Spiritualists will rise to the occasion and thus help to right a great wrong, and help our beloved Movement to take its true place in the ethical and spiritual life of the nation.

On behalf of the Council of the S.N.U., We are,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST W. OATEN, *President.*

HANSON G. HEY, *Secretary.*



## The Old Light and The New.

### THE OLIVE-GOODWIN CORRESPONDENCE.

AS we mentioned in our April number, this interesting correspondence, which has brought out in such sharp distinction the narrow, moribund, misery-making theology of past times, and the more rational God-honouring beliefs of present-day thinking people, had apparently been dropped by mutual consent of the two doughty antagonists. The controversial fire was, however, only temporarily smothered, and it leapt again into flame when Brother Olive sent the following letter to Mr. Goodwin:—

9, Hastings Rd., Brighton.  
January 24, 1916.

#### YOUR CORRESPONDENCE VERY DEFICIENT.

DEAR MR. GOODWIN,—In reply to yours of the 21st, you appear to take a great interest in writing what I do not consider is hardly worth your or my time in asking or answering. You refer to the Roman and English Churches. If they in any respect digress from the true plan of God's salvation, through the Redemption that is in Christ Jesus, I say if they are erroneous in that respect, they are not worth your or my consideration. It is the salvation of your and my immortal soul that is of the greatest moment. All other matters are of minor importance. In that respect your correspondence seems to me very deficient. Judging from your ideas, I should say you fall into that very common error of worshipping

#### AN ABSTRACT GOD

and not a God propitiated by the redemptive work of the Lord Jesus Christ. In order to know if you are a saved sinner in the sight of God, you must by a heartfelt experience know the necessity of a Saviour, and this must be preceded by a knowledge of yourself as a sinner and liable to the wrath of a just God. All the rest of your ideas about Churches and translations will then sink into insignificance, and your chief inquiry will be, what will become of my poor soul? To these Divine realities you seem to be a stranger. When you know something of God's wrath against sin, and are led to cry out with the poor publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," we may draw nearer to each other than we do now. I fear I must say I do not see much of the implied relationship of brother now. You despoil God of His great attribute of justice. He will save no one unless His justice be first satisfied by the suffering of His dear Son on the Cross for your or my sins. He is not a God all mercy. He is only spiritually merciful to those who are included in the Redemption that is in Christ, even the imputation of Christ's righteousness to our naked souls. I say in all charity, What do you know of these things by heartfelt experience? These are

#### THINGS ESSENTIAL

to the eternal salvation of your and my souls. If we live and die without some knowledge of these things, we shall stand at the last at Christ's left hand (Matthew xxi, 41). You may call what I have written bigoted or not as you wish. I have learnt this by divine teaching some fifty-five years ago, and am more and more confirmed in these great and experimental truths than ever.

P.S.—If you are going to send your letter to the *Psychic Gazette*, I cannot help thinking my letter should be found by the side of it. That I must leave to your and the editor's discretion.—Yours in truth, A. OLIVE.

Mr. Goodwin's reply was as follows:—

13, Arundel Street, Brighton.  
January 28, 1916.

#### "JUST A CRYING JEREMIAH."

DEAR BROTHER OLIVE,—I must thank you for your further unexpected letter. I regret it does not help me in the least. The whole of your correspondence is simply a cry of "Woe, Woe, Woe!" You paint everything as a failure—God a failure, His work a failure, life a failure, and death a failure. You are just a crying Jeremiah. And the whole is based upon your particular interpretation of a few chosen texts, taken from translated writings of an unknown source, contrary to any demonstrated facts, and to the teaching given in the early Christian Church; for there is no evidence that the doctrine of the Trinity or Atonement was taught by the early Christians.

I am not going to waste time by further argument. I have given you my belief of various portions of Scripture mentioned by you and have asked you many questions, all of which you have totally ignored.

#### MY ARTICLES OF RELIGION.

I will briefly outline my present convictions. I say present because if I can find evidence to prove that I am wrong, and that God has some higher revelation for me, I shall not be too bigoted to receive it, ever mindful that it is not what we believe that is essential, *but what is true*.

My first article of religion is the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." The only God I can realise is a God of perfection, omniscient, and omnipresent, revealing Himself in all life, the source of all good, who by wisely ordained laws rules the whole universe without favour.

Being perfection He cannot be angry; being all wisdom, He knew exactly what man would do when He created him. So there could be no fall, therefore no redemption was necessary. The whole human race is one vast brotherhood.

God does not punish any of His children, but by just laws man punishes himself. If I put my finger in the fire, God does not burn it, but by a God-made law, the fire burns it, as the result of my action. If I wrong you or any man, God's law makes me suffer for it, and until I have worked out that wrong I cannot find peace and happiness. I have to be purified by

#### THE HELL-FIRE OF CONSCIENCE

either here or hereafter. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "When a man doeth that which is lawful and right he shall have his soul (that is his spirit-body) alive." Will you deny this is Bible teaching, and Christ's teaching?

"No man cometh to the Father but by Me," which I interpret to mean, that to reach a state of perfection is only possible by living the self-abnegating life of Christ, living for others, a life spent in *doing* good, spreading love on every hand, healing the sick, comforting the distressed, putting down oppression, being charitable to all, oppressing none; that was the Christ life. "That ye love one another." How has the Christian Church practised it? Let the blood of the martyrs answer, and the petty persecution that exists in nearly every little Bethel of to-day. Can you deny these facts?

My second article of faith is that

#### MAN IS A PROGRESSIVE BEING,

that life on earth is only a moment plucked from the vast eternity of his existence. The whole object of his earth experience is to grow and develop his soul—his spirit body—which he will need for the next sphere of existence, that the whole surroundings of this beautiful world, the flowers, the birds, the sweet music, the grandeur of the storm, are all for man's benefit, to help him grow and increase in knowledge and strength, all so wisely and beautifully ordained by a perfect supreme God and loving parent.

Such is briefly my religious convictions.

#### A LIFE TO BE LIVED,

not professed only, striving always for the highest and best, conscious of many, many failings, but trying to learn the lesson imparted, and to avoid the same mistakes in future trials. I claim this is all in accord with Bible teaching; it is in accord with scientific teaching; it is in accord with early Christian teaching; it is in accord with my own conscience, and it is in accord with the teaching we are able to get from those who have passed through the portals of death.

Now, Brother, fare thee well! I will close with the words of the old prophet—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."—I am, Yours most sincerely in the search for truth,

J. J. GOODWIN.

"WHERE ARE OUR DEAD SOLDIERS?" is the title of a pamphlet by Ernest W. Oaten, published by the Spiritualists' National Union, Halifax (post free, 2½d.). It is an amplified edition of an excellent address delivered by Mr. Oaten at Belfast, and deals with Spidritualism from its religious and scientific aspect, giving the results of modern researches and experiences. The pamphlet provides instructive reading and teaching.



## Letters to the Editor.

### THE TWEEDALE PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR,—If any reader cares to apply to me, enclosing a penny stamp for the return postage, I shall be pleased to send a photographic enlargement of the apparition in the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale's well-known spirit photograph. I have his permission to circulate these photos.—Yours, &c.

WALTER FIRMINER.

41, Tubbs Road,  
Harlesden, N.W.

### A MOTHER'S APPARITION AND PROPHECY.

SIR,—About the year 1883, a sister of mine was in a situation as housekeeper to an old gentleman, who lived near to Welshpool. One night after she had gone to bed she could not go to sleep, and at twelve o'clock she saw our mother standing at her bedside quite distinctly, as it was a bright moonlight night. She exclaimed—"Oh, mother," and she heard her reply—"Charlotte, I am going a journey and you will follow me in six months from now." I lived in Oswestry at that time and my sister came over next morning to tell me about her strange experience. I told her she must have been dreaming, but she declared she was as much awake as ever she was. Well, I said, perhaps you were feeling nervous and fancied you saw her, and heard her speak, but she was quite positive that it was no fancy but as real as anything could be. While we were talking, a telegram was handed to me from our home at Ludlow, saying that mother had passed away at twelve o'clock the previous night, and we knew that was the moment my sister had seen her. Six months later, to the very day, I had another wire from home to say—Come at once. I went off immediately by the first train I could get; and before the day was ended my sister Charlotte had departed this life, as mother had foretold. I leave this strange story with you, to publish it in your Review if you think proper.—I am, &c.,

LANCELOT LOKIER.

The Russets, Bettisfield,  
Whitchurch, Salop.

### THE PLACE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to thank Mr. Firth for his reply to my queries, but may I say that before I attended a single séance I studied Spiritualism for five years, so that his assumption in point 2 is wide of the mark. With regard to point 4, true, numbers do not prove, neither do they disprove, spiritual awareness, but surely lack of numbers proves people are not at all interested. Mr. Firth is entitled to the view he holds in his 5th point, but may I suggest to you, sir, that it would be interesting if you could induce a few of the leading platform exponents to give their view of the matter, especially the latter part of it.

Regarding the 6th point, I see the W. T. Stead Bureau announce their meetings as open to the public. Mr. Firth approves of them in his reply, and yet in point 3 he condemns them.—Yours truly,

P. H. ROOFE.

94, Alexandra Park Road, N.  
April 25, 1916.

DEAR SIR,—As a Spiritualist for over fifty-two years, may I add an expression of my belief in the value of the clairvoyant demonstrations given at some of the Spiritualist meetings? Many of the visitors to these meetings may not be able to afford in these times of stress, the cost of a private seance. I have witnessed many instances of great comfort and consolation given by public clairvoyance, and should regret to see such demonstrations curtailed. At the same time I quite agree with Mr. Firth that they do not equal the private seance, where inquirers have better opportunity of putting their own questions and getting more detailed information, without a disclosure of their family concerns.

I would like to mention an experience of my own at the house of one of the mediums whose advertisement I see in your journal. Fifteen years ago I was present at the demise of an old friend, who, some hours previous to the transition, called his sister to his bedside and requested

her to look in a particular drawer, take out his watch and chain, and hand it to him. As he was nearly blind he put his open hands close together in cup fashion, in which she deposited the articles; then turning to me, sitting near the bed, he gave them over to me, as a recognition, he said, of many little things I had done for him.

Ten years afterwards I was worried about certain business matters which were not going satisfactorily. My wife said—"Why don't you go to see Mr. Vango?" I hesitated, but ultimately decided to go. I had never seen Mr. Vango, nor had my wife, although we had read about him; nor had Mr. Vango any knowledge of me. I went to one of his seances the same evening. There were thirteen or fourteen persons present, and when my "turn" came Mr. Vango said there was the spirit of an old gentleman with me, very bushy white hair, a long white beard down to his waist, and very staring eyes. (Though my friend was practically blind he had "staring" eyes.) I immediately recognised who he was, but I said "Can he give me his name?" After a second or two, Mr. Vango said, "He says his name is John." (Correct.) I said, "Good. What does he want to say to me?" The reply through the clairvoyant was that he desired to thank me for all I had done for him and his family. (I was executor of his will.) Mr. Vango then said, "I see him giving you something. It is a gold watch and chain. He takes it in his hands, so." (Imitating exactly the action of my old friend on his death-bed ten years previously.) I said, "You are quite right in every considerable detail."

I consider this an excellent bit of evidence not only of a future life, but of the fact that our departed friends can and do communicate with us, and sometimes exercise influence over our thoughts and actions—evidence, easily arrived at through a reliable medium, giving a fixed and firm belief than which nothing can be more comforting.

It is not in every case that one is able to get the actual name of the communicating spirit, as in the foregoing instance, but such a fact adds greatly to its evidential value. Yours, &c.

W. PICKERING.

Albany Wharf,  
Redhill Street, N.W.



### THERE IS NO DEATH?

There is no death? Do not mine eyes behold  
My best beloved—silent, pale and cold?  
There is no death? What then is this I see?  
Those lips are sealed that smiled so oft on me;  
Those fast closed eyes, once glowing with love's fire,  
Those folded hands love's service could not tire;  
That bosom, now unstirred by faintest breath—  
Why mock me thus? and say—There is no death.

There is no death! forth from its house of clay  
Her soul hath sped to realms of endless day.  
There in that Summer-land, from earth's bonds free,  
She lives, and loves to all eternity.  
She lives! She lives! then all my tears are vain.  
She loves me still! then cease, my heart, from pain;  
I lift my head, and thro' my tears I smile;  
I hear the voice I learned to love erstwhile.

There is no death! the stone is rolled away;  
Where now, O grave, where is thy victory?  
Thro' thy dark portal shines a golden gleam,  
From the dear Homeland by the crystal stream.  
Loved ones are waiting now—oh! joy so sweet;  
Life! Love! for evermore, our Heaven complete.  
Mortals proclaim it, with fast-fleeting breath,  
Message of the Angels—"There is no death."  
Edinburgh.

MARGT. NICOLSON.



The amelioration of outward circumstances will be the effect, but can never be the means, of mental and moral improvement.—Pestalozzi.



# Spiritualist Churches and Societies

At which the *International Psychic Gazette* may be purchased.

The following List of Spiritualist Societies, with the times of their Meetings, will be found useful by new inquirers wishing to come into personal touch with the Movement. It is as yet an incomplete list, and we shall be grateful to Secretaries for particulars of their Societies for insertion.

The following contractions are used in the notices :

S. Service. C. Circle. D.C. Developing Circle. M.D.C. Members' Developing Circle. L. Lyceum.  
H.C. Healing Circle. C.P. Private Circle.

## LONDON.

BRIXTON Spiritualists' Brotherhood Church, Stockwell Park Road, S.W. Sun. L. 3, S. 7. Mon. Ladies' C. 7.30. Tues. M.D.C. 8. Thurs. P.C. 8.15.  
CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD Church of the Spirit, Masonic Hall. Sun. 11 and 6.30.  
FULHAM Society of Spiritualists. Sun. 11 and 7, L. 3. Thurs. 8.  
HERNE HILL, S.E.  
LITTLE ILFORD Christian Spiritualists, Church Road, Manor Park, E. Sun. L. 3, S. 7. Mon. Ladies' Meeting, 3. Wed. M. 8.  
MARYLEBONE Spiritualist Association, 77 New Oxford Street.  
NORTH LONDON Spiritualist Association, Grovedale Hall, Grovedale Road, Upper Holloway. Sun. S. 11.15 and 7, L. 3. Wed. 8.15.  
PECKHAM, Lausanne Hall, Lausanne Road.  
PICCADILLY, W., The Chaldean Library, Jermyn Street.  
REGENT STREET, W., 22a, The International Club.  
RINGMER AVENUE, S.W.

## PROVINCIAL, ETC.

ABERCYNON, Wales.  
ABERDEEN  
AMFIELD PLAIN Spiritualist Society.  
ATTENCLIFFE Spiritualist Church, Sheffield.  
BATLEY CARR Spiritualist Society, Carr Street, Sun. L. 10 and 2, S. 6, C. 8. Tues., L. 8. Thurs. D.C. 8.  
BELFAST Association of Spiritualists, Whitehall Buildings, 13 Ann Street. Sun. S. 11.30 and 7, L. 3. Wed. D.C. 8.  
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Spiritual Church, 46 Bridge St. Sun. S. 3, 6.30 and 8, L. 11. Mon. 3 and 8. Wed. 8.  
BIRMINGHAM Spiritualist Church, Handsworth.  
BIRMINGHAM, Edgbaston.  
BLACKPOOL Spiritual Church and Lyceum, Albert Road. Sun. L. 9.30 and 1.45, C. 11, S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. S. 7.30. Tues. C. 7.30. Thurs. Mothers' Meeting, 2.30. C. 7.30.  
BOLTON Spiritualists' Alliance, Henry Street, Manchester Road. Sun. L. 10, C. 3, S. 6.30, After Meeting 8. Mon. C. 3 and 7.30. Wed. 7.30.  
BOURNEMOUTH Spiritualist Society, Wilberforce Hall, Holdenhurst Road.  
BRADFORD, 80 Cartwright Terrace.  
BRADFORD, Otley Road Spiritualist Church, 165 Otley Road. Sun. S. 3, 6.30 and 8, L. 10.30 and 2.0. Mon. 3 and 8. Tues. 8.  
BRIERFIELD.  
BRIGHTON Spiritualist Mission.  
BRIGHTON, West Street.  
BRISTOL, The Spiritual Temple, 26 Stokes Croft. Sun. 11 and 6.30. Mon. 5 to 8, C. 7.30. Advice on Health (free). Tues. D.C. 7.30. Wed. S. 7.30, C. 8.  
BURNLEY Spiritual Hall, Richard Street, Fulfilledge. Sun. L. 10, S. 6, C. 8. Wed. 8.  
CARDIFF.  
CASTLEFORD Progressive Spiritualist Church.  
CREWE Society, The Baths, Mill Street.  
DONCASTER Spiritualist Society, Dolphin Chambers, Market Place. Sun. H.C. 11, S. 3, 6.30 and 8. (Clairvoyance at each service.)  
DUNDEE "Family Circle" Spiritualist Society, Camperdown Hall, Barrack Street. L. 12.45, S. 11 and 6.30.  
DURBAN, South Africa.  
EAST HAM.  
EAST MELBOURNE, Australia.

EDINBURGH Association of Spiritualists.  
EXETER, Church of the New Dispensation, Marlborough Hall, Bullmeadon Road, Holloway Street. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30. Fri. 8.  
EXETER Spiritualist Society, Market Hall, Fore Street. Sun. 11 and 6.30. Fri. 8.15.  
GLASGOW Association of Spiritualists, Central Halls, 25 Bath Street.  
GLOSSOP Spiritualist Church, Fauvel Road. Sat. 7. Sun. 3, 6 and 7.30.  
HALIFAX, The West End Spiritualist Church.  
HARTLEPOOL Spiritualist Society, Haladown Hall, Musgrave Street. Mon. Aft. Ladies' Sewing Meeting. M.C. 7.30. Wed. C. 7.15.  
HANLEY.  
HARROGATE.  
HEELEY Spiritual Evidence Society, 379 Bramall Lane, Sheffield. Sun. 11, 3 and 6.30. Mon. 2.30 and 8.  
HUDDERSFIELD.  
JEPES, Johannesburg.  
KEIGHLEY, Heber Street. L. 10, S. 2.30 and 6.  
KETTERING Progressive Spiritualist Church, Dalkeith Place. Sun. 2.30 and 6.30. Mon. C. 2.30 and 8. Wed. 7.30.  
LANCASTER, George St. Rooms. L., 10.30. S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. and Wed. C. 8.  
LIVERPOOL "Star of Brightness," 54 Gilead Street, Kensington. Sun. 6.30 and 8.30. Mon. 2.30. Wed. 2.30 and 8.30. Thurs. 8.30.  
LONGTON, Staffs. Fenton Spiritualist Association.  
MANCHESTER Central Spiritualist Church, Onward Buildings, Deansgate. Public Meetings and Private Circle alternate Suns. 6.30.  
MANCHESTER, Longsight Spiritualist Institute.  
MERTHYR TYDFIL, Bethesda Street.  
MERTHYR TYDFIL Spiritualist Society, Tramroad Side, North. Sun. 11 and 6, L. 2.30. Sun. and Tues. C. 8.  
MEXBOROUGH Progressive Spiritualist Society, Central Hall, West Street. Sun. 3 and 6. Tues. C. 7.30. Thurs. C. 7.30.  
MIDDLESBROUGH Spiritualist Society. Sun. 10.45 and 6.30. Tues. 8.  
NELSON, Lancs.  
NEW SHILDON Spiritualist Church, Newlands Avenue. Sun. L. 2, S. 6, Wed. 7.  
NORTHAMPTON Spiritualist Association.  
OLDHAM (Lancs.) Spiritualist Church, 29 Essex Street.  
PAIGNTON Spiritualist Society, Lower Masonic Hall, Courtland Road. Sun. 6.30.  
PENRHINWCEIBER, Wales.  
PONTYPRIDD.  
PORTSMOUTH, Copnor.  
RADCLIFFE.  
READING.  
REDLANDS, Bristol.  
ROTHERHAM.  
SHEFFIELD.  
SHIPLEY Spiritualists' Church, Market Buildings, Teale Court. Sun. L. 10.30 and 1.45, S. 3 and 6.30. Mon. C. 7.30. Wed. 2.30 and 7.30. Sat. C. 8 to 9.  
SMETHWICK Spiritualist Church, Cape Hill. Sun. S. 11 and 6, L. 3.  
SOUTHAMPTON Spiritualist Church, Cavendish Grove, The Avenue. Sun. S. 11 and 6.30, L. 2.30. Thurs. 8.  
SOUTHSEA, The Portsmouth Temple of Spiritualism, 73 Victoria Road, South. Sun. 11 and 6.45. Wed. 8.  
WAKEFIELD Spiritualist Society.  
WOLVERHAMPTON Spiritualist Society.  
WYLDE GREEN.



# The International Psychic Gazette

SERIES OF

## Saturday Afternoons

AND OTHER MEETINGS

For which the services of well-known LECTURER and CLAIRVOYANTS have been spontaneously and generously offered, with a view to help the SUSTENTATION FUND of the INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE, are held in the

**W. H. SMITH MEMORIAL HALL**  
4 Portugal Street, Kingsway, W.C.

On SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at 3 o'clock prompt.

**May 13th and 20th.**

Hall not available. No Meetings.

**Saturday, May 27th.**

Mrs. MARY GORDON will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

**Saturday, June 3rd.**

Madame M. E. ORLOWSKI will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

**Saturday, June 10th.**

Whit Holiday. No Meeting.

**Saturday, June 17th.**

Mrs. CANNOCK will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

**Saturday, June 24th.**

Mr. HORACE LEAF will give an Address and Clairvoyance. Silver Collection.

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—HORACE LEAF

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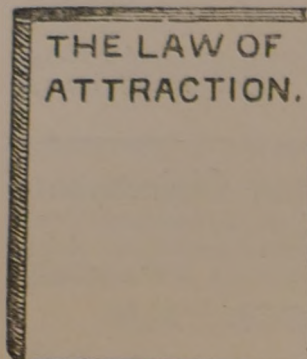
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